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BOOB BONANZA

PAGE 3 PAIR
TONI
SHILLETO
AND
SARAH
HOLLETT

SEXY STAR
MEG RYAN
ON *THAT*
ORGASM

THE SERIOUS STUFF:
WHITE WATER WEIRDOS, CANINE BROS FANS, VIBRATING PAGERS, GEORGE BREAST'S DIDDY RIDE, AND WHAT TO DO WITH A WATER PISTOL FULL OF WARM TOMATO KETCHUP. OH, AND LOADS OF
STUNNING GIRLS!

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NO

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

VOL. 2 NO. 5 £1.75 PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

MEN'S WORLD

MICK JAGGER ROLLING STONES'LL NOT FADE AWAY

WIN £10,000 AMATEUR EROTIC NUDE PHOTO CONTEST!

FRIENDS, WIVES AND LOVERS: FANTASTIC FLASHBACKS ON WINNING WOMEN

SUPERSEXY HOT 'N' STEAMY SEXSATIONAL SUMMERTIME FUN

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NO

Cover girl Sarah Hollett will be well known to any of you Page 3 watchers out there. But wait till you see what she doesn't show in the newspapers...

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Sensational Sarah squeezes in

Recently the following tape has fallen into the hands of the CIA and MI5. A copy has been sent to the Ed. As responsible citizens we felt we had to print it to show that there are evil forces at work in the world.

"Gentlemen of the KGB," it says, "I have called you here to talk about our greatest weapon against the capitalist West - Club International magazine. We do not need nuclear missiles, a wall across Berlin or two million tanks lined up on the border. Club will do everything for us.

"You see, gentlemen, Club is so chock full of beautiful Western women that one look at it and the capitalist men are reduced to slavering wrecks. So invasion will be easy. Of course, we know that these ladies are not really beautiful in the real sense. Why, they have no blubber, do not wear ten layers of animal fur or have faces like cows' bums, but to the naive Westerners they are what we would call good "shagskis"...

"Take this edition for instance. Inside there's the incredibly seductive Sarah Hollett, a pin-up from their filthy capitalist press. A "stunna", as the Western dogs would say. You will be glad to know we have forced her to defect to appear on Page 3 of *Pravda*. Then there are the twin charms of the dangerously subversive Toni Shilletto whose beauty, by Western standards, is phenomenal. Not content with this, my friends, there are seven other beautiful girls all baring everything they have. No capitalist pig could survive looking at all those without weakening.

"Fortunately for them, there are also some very crap features and unamusing articles to help them recover, but frankly we doubt if it is enough.

"All we have to do, gentlemen, is make sure

Nuzzle with naughty Nicola

Sexy skin-diver Toni comes up for air

Of corset's Clare

Carla confesses it

every man in the Western world has a copy of this magazine, and our take-over of the world will be simple. In the meantime, I am locking this copy away in my private bunker to prevent its strength-sapping powers falling into the wrong hands."

MI5 have asked us not to show you this edition in case the Reds are right, but we said bollocks. We can take it. In the interests of national security we have also been asked to give the government its tape back to keep in their files. Unfortunately the Ed accidentally used it to record *Barry Manilow's Greatest Hits* off his girlfriend's dansette.♣

Naomi sucks it and sees

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

We received more letters demanding another glimpse of Ginny than any other girl we've featured since the Crimean War, so at the risk of being boring, she's here revealing her charms yet again. Ken of Bristol, Des of Macclesfield and Colm of Armagh are the lucky guys who get a namecheck from the lady herself, but she saved special kisses for Lincoln of Soho, who claims to be "very big and very bad" - just her type of man...♣

IN·THE·BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Princess Ginny

Yes, please. Yes, please. YES, PLEASE!

Do make Ginny our new girl - she's got everything, and it's all in the right places!

- P, Ipswich

Look out next month... - Ed

Wimmin's Lib

I read Club 'cos I love wimmin! I am a lesbian and a feminist. Your magazine has good photos and beautiful women, and that is what I want, but I don't like the sexist jokes you have or the view of wimmin as pure objects. Try to cut this out of Club and more lesbians would read, and write to, your magazine. Just show wimmin as sexy, erotic human beings with needs and pride as individuals. Just let the wimmin choose the positions where they feel cosy and relaxed, and it'll be all the better.

Club makes me feel horny!

- Margreen, Berks

Flattered, I'm sure... - Ed

Well Stacked

I'm letting you in on a secret liaison I had a couple of weeks ago. Both of us involved are married, hence the secrecy.

At the supermarket where I work I was given the job of training one of the female assistants on my section, frozen foods. As it happened, I'd clocked Terry on the shop floor - a fit-as-anything blonde, around five feet five and just turned thirty.

Of course, I made the session an in-depth training, and this included a tour of our refrigeration plant room, where the air conditioning and cooling equipment throbs away day and night.

Terry gave me a suspicious glance as I unlocked the fireproof steel door and gestured for her to enter, but she went through anyway. I flicked on one set of lights, then launching into my spiel I led her around the room, explaining what, why and where, until we got to the farthermost corner.

We stood there for a moment; both knew why I'd led her into the semi-darkness, but how could I make my intentions clear? Luckily I had a little help; our female assistants' dresses have a zip from neck to midriff, and Terry's boobs were straining that zip.

She smiled into my eyes and I plucked up my courage, reached out and yanked the zipper down. Terry gasped as I pulled her towards me, my hands around her slender waist.

"Are we going to fuck in here?" she asked outright. She was trying to shock me.

"Maybe," I answered, playing along.

Shrugging, she tossed the dress from her shoulders. I let her step back and the uniform slipped to the floor. Terry wore a black, sheer, seamless bra, which showed the nipples of her ample breasts through the material, and a red slip which took no time at all to dispose of. I licked my lips.

Black tanga briefs and short hold-up stockings were

Dear Teri,

I wonder if you know just how horny you look - just oozing sex. With your dirty expression, I can tell you love sucking cock with those gorgeous, shiny lips.

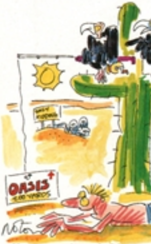
I really got off at the thought of you masturbating; I'd give anything to watch you do it. I can just see you playing with your exquisite pussy, loving yourself with your fingers and caressing your silky body. When watching you became too much I would

FOCUS ON FRED

Continuing our great new series of profiles on the Editor's pets. This month: Fred the Dog.

Fred 'Keep the Faith' Dog is an adolescent mongrel with a lively, independent character. An ardent Bros fan, he is annoyed by press criticism of his idols: "Matt and Luke are a talented pair of musicians," he says. "I think people are just jealous of their success."

Fred lives at home with his mother, Wilma (pictured left). He lists his likes as record collecting, lamp posts, barking and early Aztec poetry and culture. And dislikes? "Well, I really hate people asking me what I'm going to do when I grow up. It's such a stupid question. Do they think I'm going to become an airline pilot or a nuclear physicist? I'm going to chase sticks, of course. I'm a fucking dog, after all." ♣



How many times do I have to tell you - don't play with your food!

lick your lovely pussy while you play with your fabulous tits.

Your nipples are a revelation, Teri; they must be very sensitive. I'd love to play with your nipples while you squeezed my prick between your tit flesh. I think that would finish me off - but just for a while.

I'd like to think you're wanking while you read this, Teri. I must admit that I'm tempted to when I'm entranced by your beautiful, horny body in Club. - *Chris, Preston*

It so happens that I love the feeling of a schlong sliding in between my fleshy boobs, oozing pre-come all over my nipples. I rub that froth in and that gets my nipples all tingly before I really get down to business. I'm going to play with my boobs now, and when that's got me hot I know I won't be able to stop myself wanking. - Teri

revealed, and my jacket and tie hit the deck. Smiling coyly, Terry undid her bra and let it slip a little before she caught it and held it, arms folded across her chest.

My already rampant cock made itself very visible at the front of my trousers.

"Now you," she purred, tossing her blonde locks with a flick of her head. I pulled off my clothes hurriedly, while Terry posed against the nearest throbbing diesel engine casing. She removed her bra, without exposing an inch, and with one hand cupped a breast, stroking an erect tit with her palm.

"I hope you're going to give me a good seeing-to?"

"You'd better believe it!" I said, slipping off my undies. My dick twitched at the thought of Terry's lithe body, and pre-come oozed from beneath the rapidly extending hood. Approaching Terry purposefully, I took her by her bare shoulders and pushed my tongue into her mouth. Feeling her nipples tickling my chest, I touched them, massaging their tautness and kneading her full breasts.

Between my fingers, her nipples swelled into hard points. She squirmed and moaned in my embrace, my

continued on page 18

Nicola

Photographs by Harry Linden

"I'm not sure I should be letting you into our lounge," 21-year-old Nicola whispered to our camera crew when they went to shoot this set at her Leicester home. "My parents are away on holiday and they'd no idea I'd be doing any modelling in the house!

"They're very good about me still living at home, and don't mind my boyfriends staying the night - though as I usually have three or four on the go at once they get a bit confused with the names!

But I do love a bit of variety, which is why I love my modelling jobs.

"I've been doing it for three years now but this is the first time I've done any nude work, so I wanted to feel relaxed - and where better to relax than in my own home? I was just a bit worried in case the neighbours got too much of an eyeful through the French windows, though I can't imagine any of them would've minded seeing me revealing my all, do you?" ♣

AIR BORNE

HYDRO-

PHOBIA!

If you've ever lazed about on a lilo, craving a little more excitement than dodging the odd floating crisp packet, then have we got a sport for you! (We have? - Ed). Hydrospeeding is a little less relaxing than taking an airbed out at Eastbourne, though the basic apparatus may look the same. For a start, hydrospeeders don't do things the easy way; instead, they take to the white-water rapids of mountain rivers, complete with weirs, waterfalls, whirlpools and jagged rocks for them to navigate.

Faster and more dangerous than canoeing, with the craft being flung high into the air by the powerful currents, hydrospeeding combines white-water rafting and tobogganing in a spectacular and seemingly death-defying way. The sport was officially recognised in 1979, but as early as the 1960s some daredevils were riding the wild waters of the French Alps on precarious craft ranging from car inner tubes to inflated post office bags (So that's what happens to second class mail - Ed).

The man who turned these maniacs into official sportsmen is Claude Puch, a French civil engineer, who patented the inflatable craft used today. Now there are national championships held in France every year, and the sport looks like catching on worldwide.

HYDRO-PHOBIA!

Helmets with American Football-style face grilles are essential as the riders slide down the snow-covered mountain side, fly through the air at close to 90 miles an hour, then land in the swirling icy waters. Here the raging torrents can throw a hydrospeeder and his fragile craft several feet up and send them crashing down on the rocks below the surface. Surprisingly, injuries and fatalities are few.

The teams taking part here are Les Arc Aventuriers and the Blue Sharks from Bourg Saint Maurice, but it's hoped that the sport will soon take off throughout Europe and America. Remember, you saw it first in Club, and as soon as we've got our inflatables we'll let you know... ♣

TAPED!

With his nifty wrist action, ***Allan Bryce*** *could well have been a top badminton professional. Unfortunately, he chose to review hundreds of mucky videos for a living instead.*

I read the other day that eight out of ten men write with a ball-point pen, which prompted me to wonder what the other two perverts do with it. I also note that most men between the ages of 20-35 go to the toilet regularly at seven each morning, which could be a bit of a bugger if you didn't get up till nine. It beats me who commissions all these useless surveys, but I played my part recently when one of those terribly earnest looking researchers called at my gaff to ask me what I thought of sex on the television.

"Very uncomfortable," I said, shutting the door on his bicycle clips.

Little did the poor chap realise he was talking to one of the nation's experts on the subject of video voyeurism - the man who's seen more tits flying about on screen than David Attenborough and Johnny Morris combined. In fact, just as he rang my doorbell I was slap bang in the middle of reviewing **The Glamourpussy**, a new adult title that was turning out to be hotter than an afternoon sunbathing at Chernobyl.

The plot of this British-made saucy goes like this: a beautiful, full-breasted blonde (played without the aid of surgical appliances by Page 3 stunner Tracy Neve) is hard up for some spare cash, so she enters a competition dreamed up by a lecherous girlie mag producer to find a new adult star, Miss Glamourpussy. The sparks really start to fly as our heroine is joined by three of the country's biggest boobed newspaper models and they all try and seduce the lucky photographer, who barely has a chance to charge his flasher and take his lens cap off before he's submerged in a sea of ginormous wibbly wobblers. Unfortunately, I can't tell you what happens next because I had to nip off to the bathroom for a cold shower and a brisk rubdown with last month's Club.

ACTION ESSENTIAL PRESENTS
18
THE GLAMOURPUSSY
STARRING TRACY NEAVE NUDE
THE BEST OF BRITISH

Now we all know that the Ed of this illustrious organ is not a subtle or artistic fella - he thinks that Sherlock Holmes is a block of flats, and a Welsh rarebit is a virgin from Rhyl. But he knows what he likes. Last week he called me into his executive office in Raymond Towers and said, "Listen, Brycey, I've noticed a distinct lack of humongous crumpet in your column lately. Sod all these skinny tarts. I want to see some B-I-G girls for a change. And pull the chain for me on the way out, will you?"

Well, as luck would have it, the very next day I received just the tape to get those esteemed (and much abused) editorial gonads throbbing. It's called **Baby, You're A Big Girl Now**, and contains some of the largest females I've ever clapped my throbbing minces on. I kid you not: the bountiful babes in this one are so ginormous that their tailors probably have to put in for a travel

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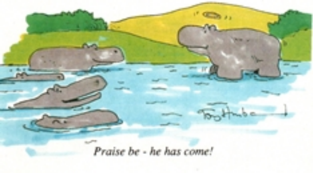


Praise be - he has come!

PLUG!

Bzz bzz bzz... the marvy little gizmo pictured here is featured not only because the Ed went to a launch party for it and he'll run anything for a free glass of wine, but also because it vibrates!

Yep, when you get a pager from those terrific chaps at Mercury, you can ask for one which vibrates when it receives a message instead of beeping. You MENSA members out there will already have realised the possibilities of a thing like this: give it as a romantic gift to your lady, get her to tuck it inside her knicks, then page her eight or nine times a day to keep a smile on her face. Follow this up with a dirty phone call, and you're guaranteed she'll be warm, ready and waiting for you when you get home.

Mercury's exec-class Messenger One pager can also receive news flashes direct from the BBC - and, of course, each time it gets one the bloody thing vibrates. So if it's been a heavy news day, just make sure you're wearing clean undies...♣

Mercury paging

filo sex

Fluff

No yuppie diary would be complete without a wine guide, and *Filosex* is no exception. We've picked two of the tastiest tipples we could find. Miranda here is full-bodied and fruity, a 1970 vintage that will delight the lips at the first taste. Well-rounded, with a robust nature, we recommend you have this one in the evening with a meal. She goes down very well indeed, and is also well worth laying down.

Gabrielle, on the other hand, is light and bubbly, and you will be amused by her impertinence. A cheeky young rose, she will tickle your tongue the moment you pop her cork.

Only *Filosex* can bring you these, because it reveals the parts other organisers can't reach! ♣

club INTERNATIONAL
Miranda xx

TAPED!

continued from page 17

allowance. And if one of these ladies sat on your face, you'd end up looking like a hedgehog that was too slow crossing the M1.

You see, it's not just that these gals have big threepenny bits. They're bloody big all over. My telly was literally groaning under the weight! Take monstrous Maggie, for example. She wobbles around her living room in undergarments that must have been custom made by Wimpey's and then flops into the bathtub like a beached whale, causing a massive tidal wave that threatens to swamp the cameraman.

Next we meet Katie, who is 28 years old, weighs in at 22 stone, and admits to measurements of 44-56-50! "I love throwing my body about," she says with a grin, while pedalling nude on an exercise bike. Compared to Katie, mature 19 stone Jan looks positively puny, but there's still enough meat on the bones to keep a tribe of cannibals happy for weeks. The sight of her spilling out of her stockings and suspenders is too much for the window cleaner, who drops his chamois and legs it! *Baby, You're A Big Girl Now* is certainly not for all tastes, but I wouldn't mind betting it's just different enough to become a best seller.

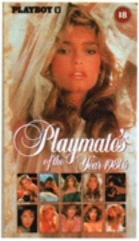
18
Witchcraft
PART 2 THE TEMPTRESS

Getting back to the more traditional softcore adult tapes, we come to two brand new offerings from the Playboy organisation. Firstly, **Playmates Of The 1980s** takes us through a decade of sizzling centrefolds, starting with the tragic star Dorothy Stratten and continuing through sultry Shannon Tweed, busty Barbara Edwards, curvy Kathy Shower and the alluring Kimberly Conrad. All in all it's one of the best Playboy releases yet: a good value 55 minutes packed with the sort of gorgeous creatures we all know don't really exist outside of wet dreams. The only drawback is the glossy pop video style in which it's shot, which seems to me to somehow lessen the erotic appeal of the girls themselves.

I'm often told I talk a lot of Double Dutch. Well, I certainly did when I met the delightful Van Breeschooten twins, whose nude antics are showcased in Playboy's other new release **Video Centrefold**. Playboy boss Hugh Hefner (he's so rich the bags under his eyes have his initials on) had forked out to send the sexy sisters on a promotional tour of England, the undoubted highlight of which was a lunchtime date with your friendly local lecher - I mean reviewer - who discovered the following facts...

Mirjam Van Breeschooten was born November 15th, 1970 at 7.58am. Her sister Karin was born eight minutes later. Karin has a tiny birthmark near her mouth, and Mirjam says her eyes are bigger and that her hair colour is slightly more blonde because she dyes it more frequently. Fascinating. In the video (which is beautifully filmed on location in their home country) they stroll nude round a 12th century castle and get their clogs off in a tulip field. I'd tell you what they said to me when we met, but frankly they look better than they talk. What's more I dribbled so much I smudged my notebook...

Moving swiftly along we finally come to a terrifying tale of the supernatural in the grand tradition of Dennis Wheatley - with lots of bare tits flopping about just in case you're of the opinion that Dennis was a boring old fart. It's called **Witchcraft II - The Temptress**, and is the



club
INTERNATIONAL
Gabrielle x x

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

rampant prick rubbing up and down against the material of her panties, really getting to us both. Sensing this, she half knelt and yanked them off, revealing a fabulous dark bush with shaved sides, dripping with moisture.

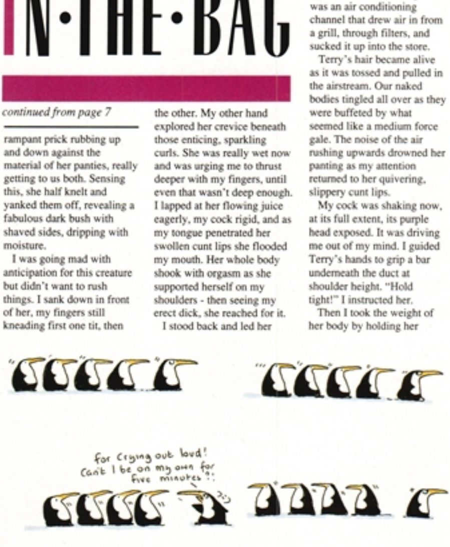
I was going mad with anticipation for this creature but didn't want to rush things. I sank down in front of her, my fingers still kneading first one tit, then the other. My other hand explored her crevice beneath those enticing, sparkling curls. She was really wet now and was urging me to thrust deeper with my fingers, until even that wasn't deep enough. I lapped at her flowing juice eagerly, my cock rigid, and as my tongue penetrated her swollen cunt lips she flooded my mouth. Her whole body shook with orgasm as she supported herself on my shoulders - then seeing my erect dick, she reached for it.

I stood back and led her over to a large duct that opened from the ceiling. It was an air conditioning channel that drew air in from a grill, through filters, and sucked it up into the store.

Terry's hair became alive as it was tossed and pulled in the airstream. Our naked bodies tingled all over as they were buffeted by what seemed like a medium force gale. The noise of the air rushing upwards drowned her panting as my attention returned to her quivering, slippery cunt lips.

My cock was shaking now, at its full extent, its purple head exposed. It was driving me out of my mind. I guided Terry's hands to grip a bar underneath the duct at shoulder height. "Hold tight!" I instructed her.

Then I took the weight of her body by holding her


for crying out loud!
Can't I be on my own for five minutes?!

chilling story of a blonde bimbo from hell named Dolores who is despatched to earth by the horny one to pave the way for Satan's rebirth. Her brief seems to be to have rampant sex with anyone whose path she crosses, which makes her very popular with all the lads in the low-budget neighbourhood where she sets up home. In between sustained bouts of rumpo she manages to guzzle down a few pints of blood just to keep her strength up... which reminds me, I haven't got my daily pint in yet myself. See you down the Wellie...

The Glamourpussy *and* ***Baby, You're A Big Girl Now*** *are available from Action Essential, 9 Monson Street, Lincoln, Lincs.* ***Playmates Of The 1980s*** *and* ***Video Centrefold*** *are available from PO Box 352, Harrow, Middx HA3 OLZ.* ***Witchcraft II - The Temptress*** *is available from Box Office Films.*♣

thighs while standing behind her. As I lifted, her buttocks rose in front of me, tight and round, flushed with sexual excitement, with a hint of a wobble. She clenched them, and a stream of juice squirted down her inside thighs from her saturated cunt. Her taut arse slapped against my stomach and I opened her thighs wide, either side of my own.

"Come on Andy, fuck me now!" she moaned.

I didn't need telling. I thrust forward and my full six inches slid straight up her juiced twat, nearly causing her to lose her grip on the

continued on page 36

Top Ten Corner

1. **Corinne Russell - model**
2. **Princess Diana**
3. **Lysette Anthony - actress**
4. **Tracy - Vol 18 No 2**
5. **Jan Francis - actress**
6. **Kathy Tayler - TV presenter**
7. **Andrea Clarke - model**
8. **Debbie McGee - Mrs Paul Daniels**
9. **Jaclyn Smith - actress**
10. **Gloria Engelman - actress**

Sarah

Photographs by George Richardson

There can't be a man among you out there who doesn't recognize that famous smile - and the equally famous boobs - of one of our favourite Page 3 girls, Sarah Hollett. Getting her to bare all for Club was no easy task, we can tell you. "It was a little difficult to fit the shoot into my hectic schedule," 21-year-old Sarah told us. "I'm on the go all the time right now, doing modelling assignments all over the world, so I haven't had a chance to get back home to Leigh-On-Sea for months. This shoot was done at Acapulco in

Kawasaki
ME

Mexico, after the Ed had finally agreed to pay the photographer's air fare. Any men on Sarah's Mexican horizon? "No, I'm still looking for my perfect man at the moment. I'm always on the lookout for Mr Right when I'm away working. But knowing me, I'll probably find him right here at home - it could even be that he's reading this magazine now..." ♣

meg ryan

Our man at the movies Colin Dale *meets a lady who enjoys nothing more than a multiple orgasm with her After Eights.*

The orgasm has done wonders for Meg Ryan. A year ago she was just another supporting actress with a nifty line in short skirts and tight shirts. Now blonde Meg isn't just a hollow headed bit of crumpet, she's hot news. She has her own production company through which she can choose and develop her own roles and is set to marry one of the movie world's big boy actors, Dennis Quaid.

But back to that orgasm. Meg was responsible for one of the most talked about film scenes for years, in *When Harry Met Sally*. As Sally she is patiently explaining to Harry (Billy Crystal) that most women at some time or another have faked orgasm with their man.

"Not with me they haven't," replies a cocksure Harry as they munch on sandwiches in a crowded restaurant. To prove a point Sally then launches into the grunts, groans and moans of a faked climax in front of the other diners.

"It was embarrassing at first," admits Meg, who had to re-enact the scenario several times before they got the take they wanted. "I'd been looking at the script the night before and worked out all my ooohs and aahhhs. When I got down to shooting it I was very nervous, but Rob (Reiner, the director) helped and encouraged me through it. The first time we did it was the hardest, sitting there in front of 150 extras who were listening to my every grunt!

"Usually if you do some sort of love scene the set is closed, and there's another person with you that's doing it, but I was on my own with this one."

Interestingly the orgasm scene wasn't in the original script and while she won't take full credit, it was Meg who instigated it.

"It was kind of all of our ideas. Maybe I started it, but everyone added to it and improved on it. When I'd finished that scene the whole crew wrapped up a huge salami and presented it to me."

It hasn't been all well received, however. The scene was cut from one airline who showed it as an in-flight movie. "It's funny. It's not gratuitous sex," says Meg in a moment of seriousness. "Women love it. I go to supermarkets back home and women, particularly older women, will come up and pat me on the back and say how much they liked it."

The film explores the question of men and women being close friends without having to end up in bed together. "For me that sort of situation was never a problem," laughs Meg. " I don't know why it is but I've always had a lot of men friends and sex has never gotten in the way." She giggles and rolls her eyes, which although endearing makes her comes across as a little scatty. And she's the first to admit it. "I am totally unorganised, not meticulous, and tend to say the first thing that comes into my head."

In the film Sally is a journalist, a profession Meg nearly ended up in herself.

Born in Connecticut, both Meg's parents were school teachers. She enrolled at University in New York to study TV journalism, and to fund her way through college she signed up with an acting agent and landed a part in a daytime soap opera called *As The World Turns*. The experience , according to Meg was "like an intensive junior college course in acting".

The bug bit and she gave up the idea of journalism for a two year stint on the show as a bimbo called Betsy. Although the character proved popular with the public in the shape of vanloads of fan letters, Meg got tired of her vacuousness: "She was sooooooo dumb."

Her first speaking part in a film - all ten lines - was in *Rich And Famous* as Candice Bergen's daughter, and then followed a series of girlfriend/lover/daughter parts which relied more on Meg's looks and legs than anything she's got upstairs. There was *Amityville III: The Demon*, *The Right Stuff*, *Top Gun* and *The Presidio*, in which she played Sean Connery's wayward daughter who falls for an equally wayward cop, played by Mark Harmon. The film is particularly memorable for a breathless sex scene in which Meg and Mark start off at it on the boot of a car, climb some steep steps and - finally - end up in bed for some rampant shagging.

Meg's favourite co-star is fiance Dennis Quaid, who she met while they were filming the comedy *Inner Space*. They subsequently went on to work very closely together on another film called *DOA*. But Meg keeps her private relationship with the heartthrob actor very quiet indeed. While she is prepared to display an obviously expensive diamond engagement ring that would dazzle a hedgehog at 200 yards, she refuses to be drawn into conversation about Dennis. "He's my best friend and he's real smart, but our relationship is something I want to keep to myself," she smiles coyly.

The couple spend their time flitting between Los Angeles and their country place in Montana. It's a popular area with film folk - Michael Keaton has bought a place there - and Meg and Dennis are in the process of building a log cabin to escape the pressures of Hollywood.

Last year Meg went to visit to a well known psychic in Los Angeles who predicted marriage, travel and success for the near future, all of which look set to be realised. But at 27 Meg now has greater control over her own destiny with her production company Shy Moon, with which she has four films currently at various stages of development.

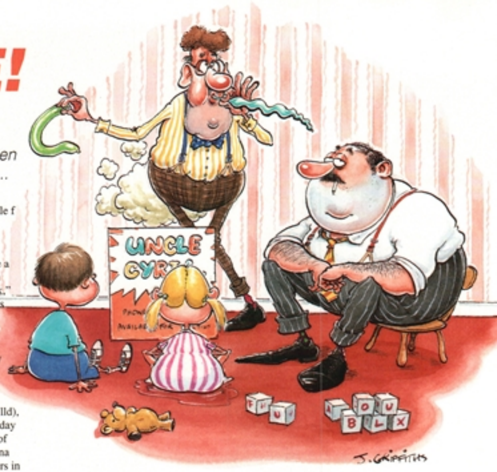
"There are a lot of movies written for men and not an awful lot for women," she complains, hoping her own projects will go some way towards rectifying the situation. Her next movie - *Joe Vs The Volcano* with Tom Hanks - she plays not one but three different characters. "It was a blast," she gushes, deadpan.

She is grateful for the exposure and confidence *When Harry Met Sally* has given her to the movie moguls and public alike. "It was a much bigger film than I or anyone else had realised," she admits. And she has another confession to make: orgasms weren't the only thing she's been faking.

"I always thought that I was fooling everybody, including myself, with this acting business. Now I realise that this is something I can really do. I don't feel like people are doing me a favour by putting me in their movies. I feel like I deserve it!" Just so long as she keeps up those orgasms...♣

GOBBLE!

***Nathaniel Fatbastard** might not have had any puppies to show the sprogs, but he was having kittens when his niece and nephews came to stay...*



What a bastard weekend I've had! Last week, my sister Nelly rang to say she'd been involved in a crash with the kids and they'd been thrown out and badly hurt, or so I thought.

"No, Natty darling," she whined. "I said the kids had been involved in a creche but have been thrown out for pouring paint over the other winkies."

"But you said they were hurt!" I protested.

"They are!" she exclaimed. "Devastated! And Roger and I have arranged to go away this weekend. You couldn't look after them for me?"

"Not on your nelly, Nelly."

"fFenella if you don't mind, big bro. I like a little f at the front."

"You always did..." I replied.

"And sometimes I have a silent p as well when I'm signing things at the bank," she added. "Oh go on, it's only for two days..."

Perhaps it was the childhood memories of Nell getting her own way by hitting me in the goolies with Sindy's E-type Jaguar with detachable hood (£4 19s 11d), but I agreed. So on Saturday morning I took delivery of Tiberius (5) and Messolina (3), named after characters in *I Claudius*, which she was reading whilst in labour. Luckily for them she had finished *The Hobbit* the week before.

I'd prepared for weekend by filling the larder with the brightly coloured sticky things that all kids love. For lunch I'd opted for Captain Birds Arse Mini Fish Balls (£1.35), followed by a Mister Sick's orange, mango and blackcurrant drinking yoghurt (35p a plastic thimble full), all washed down with Cherri Rolli-Polli

IN AND OUT

*Hip style guru **Terence Trendy** gets his flares in a flap*

IN	OUT
Crew cuts	Flat tops
1960s Volvos	1980s Volvos
Living in squats	Living in semis
Tarmac	Cobblestones
Floors	Ceilings
Reading comics	Watching TV
Corner shops	Shopping malls
Workers	Bosses
Being faithful but pervy	Being boring but promiscuous
Getting drunk with friends	Being sick on friends
Being sick on enemies	Getting drunk with enemies
Liking Dad	Loving Mum
Coming on tits	Coming in mouths
Cheshire	London
Fish (suppers)	Birds (feathered kind)
Fruit	Veg
Levi jackets	Harringtons
Freckles	Tans
Girls who smile	Girls who pout
Joke phone calls	Joke faxes
Muddling through	Efficiency
The M4	The Kingston by-pass
Loud parties	Boring discos
Taking it easy	Learning Flemish
Funny stories	Jokes
Oxo	Bisto
Mad cows	Dead sheep

NUTTER'S CORNER

You'd be forgiven for thinking that these two had just caught sight of our very own Dominant Dowse in the naked flesh. Or maybe they've set eyes on the next issue of Club. Likelier still, they could just be a couple of knobheads who felt like dressing up as the Man Who Fell To Earth.

The reality is a little less interesting. These lenses are in fact an idea from across the pond, made by optometrist Dallas John Herron (that's him on the left), sell for about $7.50 a pair, and have absolutely no practical use whatsoever. Like most Americans. A quick visit to your local optician and you too can have eyes that glow in the dark like our two friends here. (Although the Ed usually comes in looking like this when he's had one too many shandies the night before at The Wellington.) And you won't need to eat seven tons of carrots every day either.

Should the idea ever catch on in England - at Halloween parties perhaps - then the assembled Club staff shouldn't need to worry about ordering their lenses and wasting their dosh. Not while Dominant Dowse is around, anyway. ♣

Cola (25p for 12 litres). For tea, there would be lemon jelly (25p), crunchy sausage-flavoured Monster Bollocks (15p a bag) and chocolate Instant Shit (30p a gallon). In return for good behaviour, I gave Tiberius a sneak preview of the spread to come.

"Oh God, no!" he exclaimed. "We can't eat that! Do you know how many Es there are in here? What are you trying do do? Make us hyperactive, you oaf?"

Likewise, a trip to London Zoo had to be curtailed when Messolina informed me that the keeping of animals in captivity had been proven to be mentally damaging. Instead they took me to Camden Zoo, an ethically sound park run by the Animal Liberation Front. Here lions and tigers roam free whilst the visitors are penned up in cages and only allowed to eat at certain times convenient for the animals to watch. Nor are the creatures separated into pairs for mating. Instead they are allowed to mix freely with other members of their own gender to work out their sexuality without being stereotyped. After watching a lesbian giraffe, some AC/DC gibbons and a hippo deemed by Clare Short to have been corrupted by pornography, we went home.

Then I tried to get the rug rats into McDonalds for a portion of Chicken McDroppings, but Tiberius reckoned it wasn't worth risking the rain forest for a paper hat. Even the videos I'd rented were a mistake. Mickey Mouse was not only sexist but the glorification of vermin to make the lower classes feel comfortable with their poverty, Messolina explained, then shat on the carpet. So instead I got the beers out.

"Can I try some?" asked Tiberius. "I think it's important that I overcome taboos like alcohol at an early age to prevent them becoming a mystique."

So I gave him a can of Carlspurt Dangerous Brew (£1. 20) but fortunately it made him sick, so I drank the other seven while he threw up in the bog.

By Sunday lunchtime, I was desperate. Tibby and Messy were bored shitless by everything except crayoning in their filofaxes, so I looked in Yellowed Pages for a couple of kids' entertainers. Uncle Cyril was the first to show. He was 95 with a wig that looked like a cow had crapped on his head.

"You must be Uncle Syrup," I stammered. "Come in."

His idea of entertainment consisted of making squeaking and farting noises with balloons, twisting them to look like a stallion's tackle. It was disastrous. Messolina had just asked why he was wearing a brown flat cap when the doorbell rang. I opened it to find a young blonde with bigger and better playthings than Hamleys, dressed in a yellow and red satin suit.

"I'm Coco," she said.

"In that case let me take you to bed?" I quipped.

"That's what they all say, dickhead. Where are the little bastards?" she replied.

Coco was an unemployed actress who was now making a healthy living doing kiddies' parties. She pushed Uncle Syrup out the way.

"Now, kids, would you like to meet my friend Snotty?" she said producing a lovable glove puppet. "Can you guess why I call him that?" she asked, then blew her nose on it. After an hour of toilet jokes, even these young sophisticates were jumping up and down and pissing themselves like they'd drunk the supermarket dry of Gobinson's Hypa-active Gollisquash Drink (79p).

As she went into the bathroom to clean off her make-up, I followed her determined to get down inside those clown's trousers quicker than a squirt with a soda syphon. I sneaked up and slid my hands around her satin top. She turned round, and I kissed her on the big red lips. She didn't resist. I leant over to give her a tonguey one, not hearing Messolina's voice.

"Uncle Nat, Uncle Nat?" she cried as she ran into the bathroom. "I'm going to be - beeeuurrggghhhh!"

Despite being only three she managed to spray me, Coco, the kharzi and the carpet from top to bottom with a mixture of hi-fibre All-Bran and no-artificial-anything orange juice. She may have a fucking stupid name, but there's no doubt she's a Fatbastard all right..♣

IN ARREARS

Bums away, chaps, it's the Rear Admiral here with another brace of buttocks. This month's lump of rump belongs to cuddly Cath, an office manager whose bottom line is loved by accountants everywhere - and many other double entry fans as well.

Now men, whilst you keep your eyes glued to the beautiful bobbing botty of our book-keeper, I'd like to give you your orders. This month I want you to turn your attention to panties, an area where I always try and keep my hand in. I'm the head of SATIN, the Secret Association for Tight Indecent Nickers, and as fellow undie-cover agents it's your job to look up the legs of lissome ladies and make sure that their underwear is tight, taut and teasing.

And this is where you come in. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to go out there and make sure those panties are pulled up so they grip the girl's bum. The merest crease around her crease should be smoothed out, by hand if necessary. This may mean breaking and entering, but don't worry, we have the equipment to get you in and out discreetly. SATIN also fights for the abolition of boring fabrics like polyester, cotton and nylon. We want to see a silky sheen shining off her snatch and sit-upon, and lots of frothy lace.

So, thigh spies, get to work. It's a hard job but somebody has to do it. And remember, be careful out there... - *Ricky Rear*♣

Car

Photographs by H

Carla is the sort of girl who isn't backward in coming forward! In fact, she even had our photographer Linden blushing.

"I'm the sort of girl who was brought up to speak my mind - no beating around the bush," Carla told us.

"The thought of all those men reading this and playing with themselves over my pictures makes me feel so sexy! I just love having

la

rs Linden

my photographs taken. Whenever I see my pictures I get a tingling feeling in my crotch."

You as well, Carla? Do tell us more.

"Well, when that happens I usually have to go somewhere quiet -somewhere where I know I won't be disturbed. Then I know you can guess what I'll be doing there - and I'll be thinking about all the Club readers doing the same thing! You will be doing that, won't you, lads?"

You can bet on that, Carla! ♣

GUTT OF THE STUNT

With the World Cup looming small, soccer scribe **Frankie Gutt** *joins the Intercity Infirm Tour.*

Buon giorno, me old bollock chops. Frankie 'The Goat' Gutt speaking, the sports scribe with his finger on the pulse, his ear to the ground, and his nose stuck in anything that looks like it might get juicy.

I'd like to begin this month's scintillating swagger through the sensational world of soccer with a song:

"We are the lads from Piddleham, We're saying so long to sausages and Spam, We're saying hello to spaghetti and salami, 'Cos we're all off to Italy with Terry's yellow army." This is just part of the delightful ditty local pop twins, Dros, have come up with to celebrate Piddleham Hotspurts' latest Euro-Cup campaign.

News that the Spunkfronts had been selected by the Federatione Di Calcio to compete in the prestigious Luigi Bagsnatcha Trophy came through last week. The first I heard of it was when I was called in to.see the Stunt's editor, Max Sackwell, at his luxury penthouse apartment, above the betting shop in Fred Street.

"Aye up, Frankie ducks," the numbskulled Northern knacker brain says by way of greeting. "How'd you like to go to a place that's hot, steamy and packed with lasses?"

"I'm not going down the laundrette with your washing again, Mr Sackwell," I says, "if that's what you're getting at."

"Nay, nay," Sackwell replies, proving once more that Shergar is alive and well and editing a tabloid newspaper. "I'm talking about bella Italia. To be precise, t'town of Bumnippa on t'fragrant Mediterranean island of Anchovia. T'Spurts have been selected as England's representatives in Division V of t' FUC Cup."

"Division five?" I says. "Well, shag me sideways with an inflatable banana."

"Nay lad," Sackwell says. "Not Division five, Division V. T'League's graded A to W. W Division is made up of Reykjavik Home For Blind Widows, Chernobyl Dynamo, Rockall (B) and Hartlepool United. The Spunkfronts are in Division 22!"

"So it is promotion then," I says.

For the Spurts' faithful fans it's been a month of double delight. No sooner had the FUC Cup draw been announced than the club's record signing, Cypriot superstar Diego Doner, scored his first goal. The strike came during Piddleham's vital Skoda Gearbox Division Three relegation clash with local Chinese Take-Away, Man Yu Nil. Early in the second half Doner collected the ball on the edge of the box, jinked past two defenders and crashed a shot past the advancing keeper for the only goal of the game.

As the Spurts' straight-talking supremo Terry Vegetable told me after the match: "Diego still has to adapt to some aspects of the English game. Most notably, the fact that we change ends at half-time. Still, on the day, 0:1 was a fair reflection of the result. Our 97th defeat on the trot certainly leaves us riding on the crest of a slump, but being 42 points adrift at the bottom has left us free to concentrate on Europe. From now on all talk in the dressing room will be about the FUC Cup. Which, come to think about it, will be no different from normal."

"G-g-g-gee, Mr G-G-G-Gandini!"

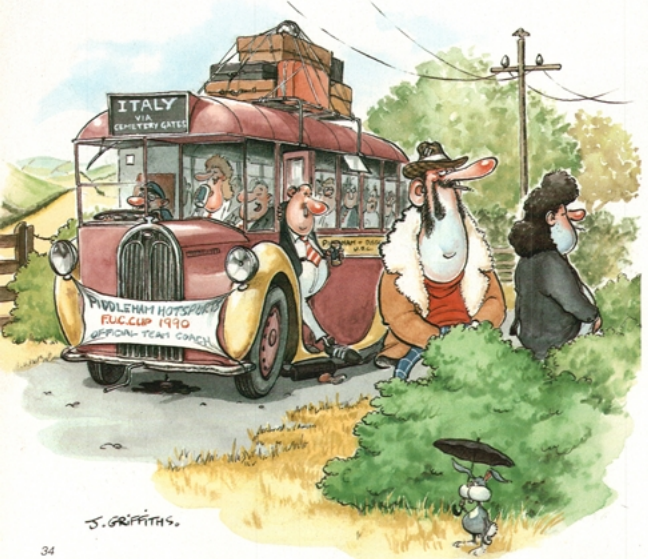
Brains could hardly believe his eyes as, in a quiet corner of the International Rescue HQ, the ace Italian designer showed the bespectacled boffin his latest creation. It was codenamed the Lamborghini Diablo, but known throughout IR as the new Thunderbird 6.

The other thing Brains couldn't believe was his ears. He'd just heard the vehicle's engine and that Lambo's leading designer chose to drive to work in a French Citreon. Why? Brains hadn't got time to figure it out. He'd got other problems, like how Scott and Virgil were going to cope with the new machine. In his haste to produce the fastest sports car in the world, Gandini had forgotten to leave room for the strings which operated their skinny limbs and rugged good looks. Indeed, Marcello G's new masterpiece was so low there wasn't even enough head-room for Lady Penelope's hairpiece.

We asked Parker to take her for a spin. He

Obviously changes will be needed if Vegetable's Cup dream is not to become a nightmare. To this end Spurts have drafted in a new head coach, the almost semi-legendary Don Who. Who quickly made his mark by putting the Spunkfronts' wayward midfield trio of Rod Swamp, Stan Bowels and Paul Graspgroine on the transfer list. I asked the gritty, tactical mastermind to explain his controversial decision.

"I watched the game against Man Yu Nil, and frankly, Frankie, our midfield did us no favours. Rod Swamp got caught in possession more times than Keith Richard. Stan Bowels treats the ball as if it was a five pound gallstone - he can't pass it. And when it

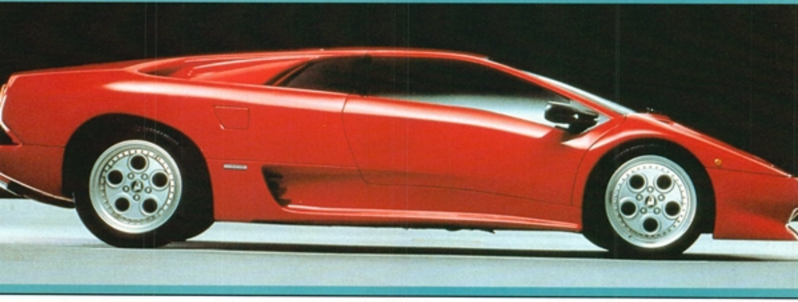


THUNDERBIRD 6 IS GO!

did, and he hasn't been back since. Which is hardly surprising when you think about it. Given the choice between running off with £160,000 worth of Italian supercar or driving a bright pink Roller for a stuck-up, highly strung tart like Lady P, we'd all do the same. Unfortunately the metallic whine of a magnificent V12, several hundred bhp and the rush of 0-60 mph in four seconds, all proved too much for the old boy. Asked if he liked it, he simply replied, "Yus, milady," and with a startled "F.A.B." as he put his foot on the accelerator, the chauffeur disappeared.

Jeff Tracy was shocked at the news.

"This sure looks like a job for International Rescue," he said, trying desperately to find something in his armoury that was comfy and stood a snowball in hell's chance of catching it up.♣



comes to Paul Graspgroine's tackling, well let's face it, the only thing that lad's ever likely to get stuck into is the doorway of a chip shop."

To fill the gaps Who has drafted in the tough-tackling trio who were so successful when he led Dimplebum to victory in the Sweets FA Cup. Some Spurts fans are less than delighted by the prospect of seeing Brian Damage, Terry Chopper and Jimmy Mentalcase treading the hallowed Knob Road turf, but this is not a view shared by Piddleham's tousle-haired temptress of the treatment table, club masseuse Samantha Scroates. The gorgeous groin-strain soother told me, "It's about time we had some stiffening in our midfield area. These fancy one-twos round the box are all very well, but when it comes to getting a result you can't beat a powerful thrust down the middle."

As you probably know, your old mate F. Gutt Esquire is pretty keen to dribble his way on to Scrummy Sam's penalty spot. And, unlike Diego Doner, I won't need any persuading to change ends at half-time, I can tell you! For the moment though, I'm playing it cool. As me old Dad used to say, "Women love it when a fella keeps 'em waiting for it. Specially if the fella in question is a pug-ugly bastard like you are, Frankie." But by the time we get amongst the warmth, wine and whiff of Anchovia, saucy Scroates will be begging to help ease my swollen cartilage problem, you just wait and see.

The only dark spot on Piddleham's sun-kissed horizon is the one cast by the shadow of that menacing gang of senile delinquents, "The Intercity Infirm". The prospect of these psychopathic senior citizens staggering amok in Anchovia is a terrifying one, and Piddleham's finest have made plans to kerb the hooligans, as local law-enforcer PC Bobby Bent informed me.

"Basically, we will be sending a squad of highly trained officers to Italy, namely myself and WPC Tracey Truncheonfondler. Our job will be to merge in with known troublemakers, and to this end we will be wearing disguises specially designed by myself, ie day-glo bermudas, Wicked Willy T-shirt and flip-flops for myself, and a leopardskin thong and a coating of cherry cheesecake flavoured body massage oil for WPC Truncheonfondler.

"My squad and I will place ourselves at all potential troublespots: to wit, the bar, restaurant, swimming pool and luxury honeymoon suite of the Hotel Di Poshnosh. This hi-tech, split-second and highly dangerous operation will of course be paid for by the local rate-payers, but I'm sure you'll agree that it will be well worth it to protect Piddleham's world-wide reputation for peace, quiet and good manners. Because if you don't I'll kick your fucking head in."

Your old mate Frankie has never been one to bash the good old British bobby (well, not unless someone's knocked him down first, at any rate) so I'll say, "Keep up the good work, PC Bent." Until next time, remember: a bush in the hand is worth two on the bird. Ciao. - *Frankie*♣

THE POP UP BOOK of POP UP BOOKS
POP
THE POP
Tony Husband

APOLOGY

I've had to admit to a great many appalling things in this apology column, but this one really had to be forced out of me. Well, actually, it fell out of me during a six-pint liquid lunch.

Yes, I admit it. In 1970, I appeared on *The Cilla Black Show*. Yes, I know, but I was only seven at the time. You see, the Liverpool loudmouth came to St Benedict's RC School for Boys - yes, so what if I did go there. Julian Clary went there too, and look how he turned out...

Anyway, Killer arrived to give one of our teachers the surprise-surprise of her life, and the camera turned on me. Well, what do you do at seven? Say, "Actually, I find this programme rather trite in its basic concept," or "Bugger off, I'm not appearing with a no-talent harridan with a chest as flat as her accent"? No, I blew a loud raspberry at the camera!

But what happened next? The bastards who worked for the BBC simpered, "Ooh, what a cheeky little schoolboy. We must keep him on the show." And they did. The result was that I was dragged round to my Gran's where the entire family found the whole performance hilarious, while I curled up with total embarrassment. I still have nightmares that she'll come around to the office and invite me on to Blind Date.

So, there you have it. I feel better now it's out in the open, but I am sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am.

Next month, Dominant Dowse apologises for being the troll on *The Singing Ringing Tree*. - Ed ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 19

bar. With my cock pounding inside and the air-flow stimulating her body outside, Terry came again straight away, bouncing on my pivot and uttering expletives which I hoped weren't travelling down the air duct and into the shop.

Soon I let fly, an enormous eruption. I let her have the lot, three or four tremendous wads of spunk as deep as I could, making Terry whimper - obviously her old man wasn't servicing her properly, I noted with a satisfied grin.

That was the most exciting shag of my life - so far - and the first and last time I've tried anything in there. We were extremely lucky to get away with it, and since then Terry and I have only shared a kiss in the lift, so that's probably it.

But Terry, if you're reading this - happy birthday, and I've found another secret place! - *Andy, Lancs*

Queen Ginny # 2

Re: your question in Vol 19 No 3 about making Ginny a Club regular, my answer is SIGN HER UP!!

This girl isn't just sexy, she exudes sex from every particle of her body! The photos of this angel with her hand over that delicate little minge were seriously erotic; I wanted to nibble and tease, and prise her fingers away before wearing out my tongue on her sublime privates. And the hairstyle, and those shoes and those red lips... I'm in love!

- Richard, Oxford

We've had wads of letters begging for Ginny to return - now look out for a nice surprise next month! - Ed

Blow Me Down!

After reading my husband's copy of your magazine, I thought I'd share with your readers my first real sexual adventure.

I am blonde, five feet two, and 27 years old. My husband and I were having a party for the hockey team that he plays on, to wrap up a very successful year. I personally was looking forward to the occasion, because it was the first social event that I'd attended since losing a considerable amount of weight, and was feeling very proud of my new figure.

The evening was moving along very well, and I guess I was doing more than my fair share of drinking when everyone seemed to leave all at once. In my opinion, the night was still young, and there were only the three of

Live letters with the

OLD NADGERS

After being heartlessly dropped by a well known major national daily, there was only one place for the Old Nadgers to come - straight to Club! Every month, they will use their unique knowledge of trivia and bullshit to answer your questions here. Take it away, Grandads!

Penis Poser

Me and my mate Bill were having an argument down the pub last night. He reckons Edward the Confessor had the biggest wang prior to 1450, but I say it was Hereward the Wake. We have both argued about it for ages. Can you old pair settle our donger debate? A pint rests on the result. - **Harold, Didcot**

Well, that's certainly a knobby problem and no mistake, Harry me old china plate. A real prick teaser and a hard 'un at that, eh? Hereward certainly did have a monstrous member at 12 inches but Ted's tadger was a right royal whopper, tipping the tape measure at 13 and a half. You could certainly rest a pint on that, eh, Harry me old wingsey bash, but sorry, this time the beer's on you.

Inn Enquiry

I wish to take issue with your reply to Barry of Hertfordshire who asked about the derivation of the name of the 15th century pub in Chalfont St Giles, *The Pool of Lager Piss*.

Contrary to your remarks, the name comes from Olde English. A 'pool' or 'poul' was the old name for a coster or market trader and 'lager piss' is probably a corruption of Langapashir, which was the middle English name for Lancashire. It's not commonly known that in the early 13th century a great many market traders from the north west came down the M1 to Hertfordshire to sell their wares, and *The Pool of Lager Piss* was a popular watering hole for all these thirsty costers.- **Jim, Liverpool**

Sorry, Jimmy, we old pair stand by our explanation. The Pool of Lager Piss *name dates back to September1989 when a large puddle of urine in the toilet was caused by a leaky urinal.*

Army Lays

As a retired Colonel from the 296th Highland Barrel Polishers, I wondered if you could help with a piece of regimental history. Our records show that we shagged more women than any other regiment in the British Army. Tell me, is this so? - **Col Henry Twatt (retired)**

'Fraid not, Henners, me owd ducks. The 296th certainly had a fine war record in the rogering department with a particularly spectacular number of 'bonks' during the Burma Campaign and at Spion Kop in the Boer War. However, our Little Fuck Book *(£9.99 from good bookshops), reckons that the Devonshire Mounting Fusiliers (or the "Devils Own Porkers" as they were known) beat your regiment on the shagging front. The "Red and Blue Veins" managed to lay over 2000 women during two days' continuous fucking at Ypres during the First World War, under heavy mustard gas bombardment, whilst advancing just ten feet. Never mind, eh lads, keep your peckers up, and you'll outshaft the Porkers yet.*

United They Stand

Jack and I, two lifelong Manchester United supporters in our nineties, were in the pub discussing the great days of our team between the wars. Did you know that in 1937, the "Busby Babes" as they were later to be known, not only did the League and Cup double but won the Littlewoods, Watneys, Freight Rover Challenge and Milk Cup as well - all in one week. During this time they scored no less than 2,154,786 goals, a mean average of 3512 a minute (allowing for time added on for stoppages). No wonder they went on to become one of our most successful League teams. - **Jack and Jeff, Manchester**

Our kid, young George, reckons you're talking out of your arse.

Beating the Miller

Can you old pair tell me what were the names of the greyhounds that beat the amazing Golden Miller during his spectacularly successful racing career? - **Arnold, Milton Keynes**

No.♣

Dear Diana,

Would you believe it! I live in Sheffield, and you work in a bar near Sheffield.

As well as being a sex maniac, I'm also a dipsomaniac who gets really turned on by girls wearing pink stockings. What's more, I've got an eight inch cock which goes beserk at the thought of you gobbling it, and the sight of your gorgeous, round arse.

Just let me know the name of the pub where you work, and I'll be

us left; my husband Al, myself, and Ed, one of the hockey players who also worked in Al's office. Ed was a single, attractive, 21-year-old bodybuilder who took great pride in his physical appearance, and always bragged about his achievements with women.

With the music playing and Al and Ed sitting on the couch talking business I was still raring to go and dancing to the music. I called over to Al to come and dance with me, but like most men he doesn't like to dance. "Take off your sweater and I will," he replied.

I was a virgin when Al and I married six years ago, and I was very naive and shy about sex then, so Al must have thought I wouldn't do that in front of Ed. But the combination of the alcohol and the fact that I was very proud of my new, slimmer look and still wanted to party, I pulled off my sweater and tossed it over to where they were sitting. Both Al and Ed looked at the sweater as it hit the floor, and then at me, swaying topless to the music.

With a sexy grin I said to Al, "Now you have to dance

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around before you can say, "Are you being served?" - John, Sheffield

You'll never believe this, John, but since I appeared in Club, the brewery sacked me! All my fans came around to the pub and started getting very rowdy: I would have thought the brewery would be happy, but there's no pleasing some people. It's OK though - I'm much happier (and richer) as a full-time nude model! - Diana. ♣

toni

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON HURST

There's nothing that tasty Toni Shilletto likes better than getting sand between her toes on the beach.

"I usually like to get sand everywhere , but when I tried to strip off on this Turkish beach the local police came forward and looked

rather menacing , but I managed it eventually when they weren't looking," she told us. "It was all I could do to get away with this, so I hope it's enough for you to be going on with!" ♣

SON OF BAD JOKE

This month's filthy funnies are provided by Robert of County Down, an Irish joker who obviously wants to get his own back. He calls our jokes 'crap' and says he would like as a prize a long weekend with Maria Whittaker, a case of Southern Comfort and a box of Romeo y Juliette cigars. Tough titty, Bob, you get a Club T-shirt, like the rest of our providers of cheap laughs.

A man staggered into a bar and croaked, "Three double gin and tonics, please!"

When they arrived, he immediately poured them into one glass and drank the lot in one. The barman watched with wry amusement.

"What was that for?" he asked with a smile.

"I've just experienced my first blow-job," the customer gasped.

"Ah, I see," laughed the barman. "Celebrating, huh?"

"Fuck, no," he replied. "I'm trying to take the taste away."

A burly Texan, wearing cowboy boots, a Stetson and the usual loud check suit, arrived at Heathrow. Swaggering through the 'Nothing to Declare' channel he is accosted by a customs official, and asked to open his suitcase. But when he does, the most appalling stench emanates from within. The customs man reels back in disgust.

"Christ, this bag is full of shit! Where did you get this from?" he groans.

The Texan smiled proudly. "I won in at a crap game in Las Vegas."

Two high class prostitutes were having afternoon tea at The Dorchester.

"That's odd, Fiona," one remarked. "I do believe I can smell semen in here."

"Oh sorry, Suzanne," replied her friend. "I just burped."

Ian, at last, managed to manoeuvre his darling Melissa into bed. However, he was amazed to discover that her pubic hair was dark and not blonde as her outward appearance would suggest.

"I didn't know you dyed your hair," he said accusingly.

"I don't," she replied.

"But they don't match."

"Oh, that!" she said defensively. "Well, you know how it is when you hit your thumb with a hammer."

"Ye-es," he replied dubiously. "It goes black."

"Well, this is the same," she replied pointing to her pussy. "Cos, boy, has this had some hammer!"

Thanks, Big Bob. No-one could ever accuse your jokes of being crap, could they?♣

IN·THE·BAG

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with me." While Al and I were dancing I kept glancing over to Ed and noticed that he seemed to be enjoying watching my breasts with my erect nipples bouncing up and down to the beat of the music. I must admit that I was getting off on having some other guy see my breasts for the first time.

The song soon ended and Al turned to sit back on the couch, when out of the blue I asked Ed if he wanted to dance. Ed didn't reply; he didn't have a chance because Al replied for him, saying that he would if I took off my blue jean miniskirt. Since I was already topless and had the approval of my husband, the chance to keep the party going with a muscular young stud was too good to miss.

Seductively I removed my skirt and tossed it over to where they were sitting. This time they were watching me, and it made my crotch ache. It was a treat to see the look on Ed's face as I revealed my high heeled, tights-clad legs, minus panties as I never wear them under hose. Al quickly blurted out, "I guess it's your turn to dance, Ed."

The song was a slow one and as Ed took me in his arms I could feel his cock bulging in his jeans. I managed to position my crotch over his knee and rode his leg as we moved with the music. My cunt was really throbbing and I could feel it dripping wet.

I carefully unbuttoned Ed's shirt to expose his hairy chest, and I could clearly see his semi-erect nipples as my long nails began to glide over them. I felt the heat radiate from his cock through his jeans, as I began to suck on his nipples. Glancing over to Al to see his reaction to this, I was surprised to see that he was wanking himself off as

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TOP TITS

I had a great dream the other night - it was all about tits (*Now there's a surprise - Ed*). I dreamed that estate agents had given up trying to sell property whilst the mortgage interest rate was as high as the percentage of bread in a cheap sausage, and instead they were selling breasts. The windows were full of pictures of the wonderful whammers on offer, with brief descriptions by the side. I spotted the particularly interesting pair here, and asked for some details. This is what they sent me..

"This superb two-up semi-detached property has been well developed and will provide a lot of pleasure in the right hands. Surprisingly spacious, the upper floor has two main rooms with small balconies that poke out the front with spectacular views over the undulating scenery - though they could do with licking into shape. The colour scheme is predominantly pink with brown trimmings. Early viewing is recommended as there are many single men keen to get a freehold in such a desirable area."

I was just about to be shown around and measure up the premises by hand before moving in, when I was woken up by my Maria Whittaker alarm clock (it doesn't ring, the two big boobs on top just vibrate and emit a loud "Wubble-wubble-wubble" noise). Excitedly I rushed down to my local estate agent, but then I discovered it was all a dream. My local estate agent didn't sell tits at all. He was still a complete bastard. -*George Breast* ♣

Clare

Photographs by Scott Evans

Clare told us in her last appearance how she'd been temping to help pay off her mortgage, but obviously a second visit means she won't have to do that any longer. "On the contrary," she says,

"I'm more in demand than ever with bosses now, after most of them saw me in Club last month. They loved the way I posed with my specs on, and most of them said that they wanted to see me in a more glamorous set this time. I hope I've obliged!

"Now when I walk into an office and meet a new boss, I make sure I tell them all about my modelling activities on my CV. It means I always get the job, and plenty of after-hours overtime into the bargain!" ♣

clare
club

Photographs by Scott Evans

sam

Yee-hah! If you're looking for a rootin', tootin', humdinger of a good time (or any othe crap puns for that matter), then you need look no further than Sam for a taste of B Bill country and the Wild West.

"Well, West Drayton actually," Sam admits sheepishly, tipping her h her sharp shooter. "I love dressing up when I'm in the bedroom -

TURKEY TRACK RANCH

THE "STANDARD" M

that exciting so when I actually get a guy into bed I love to do a bit of role playing.

"This cowboy outfit is one of my very favourites, though if you asked me why I couldn't tell you - I suppose there must be some pervy reason! I hope you've all got your pistols packed and ready for me, because I've certainly got my bristols!" ♣

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

ARABIAN NIGHTS

Fed up with England and with our jobs, my friend Sharon and I decided to have a winter holiday last January. We were lucky and managed to book a cheap flight and apartment in Tenerife.

We thought it was great - sun, beach, booze and blokes. We were both determined to have a suntan in places that all the other girls on the beach wouldn't let the sun get to as well! But what we didn't expect was the best fun of the trip - two Arab boys.

After the first couple of days there we were used to the apartment, the pool and the local bars, and we decided to sunbathe nude on our balcony. Sharon was so keen on the idea of getting an all-over tan that she even shaved her pubes off to let the sun get right through to her crotch. She looked great with her big, firm tits and lovely shaven minge. I was a real contrast - slender, small titted and with a wispy blonde bush at my snatch.

That afternoon, Sharon and I decided to go to the pool that served our group of apartments. We'd noticed that most of the younger girls there went topless, but not completely nude, so we found the smallest knickers we could and went swimming and sunbathing, parading our bodies around in front of the guys.

After one swim, I was rubbing sun oil into my tits, and was just feeling my small, firm teats responding when I heard the click of cameras. We both looked up and saw two Arab boys standing there; even as we carried on walking towards them, they still kept on snapping away at us.

When we tried to speak to them it was obvious that they spoke no English, but they just kept on making signs about photos and money. I thought they wanted to pay us! But eventually Sharon cottoned on and explained that photos of blonde English girls, stripped or topless, made a fortune in Arab countries.

Sharon and I giggled, and one of the blokes was still snapping as Sharon's big boobs juggled up and down. Eventually, having spent ages pointing to our watches and indicating where our apartment was, we sorted out a photo session for the cameras at about eight that evening.

When they arrived, Sharon and I were ready, in short, clingy skirts, tiny knickers and no bras. The Arabs turned up with their cameras, wearing just very short shorts that were very well filled.

The session started as Sharon and I posed. Leg shots, peek-a-boo shots at our tits and crotches, until we were so juiced up that we decided it was tits out time! Off came our shirts and I started to tweak my nipples out from my smallish boobs, while Sharon was panting furiously and grinding her full breasts together. I've known her long enough to pick up the signs of when Sharon needs some action.

I ripped down her little knickers and both blokes almost dropped their cameras as they closed up on her shaven love box. For such a big girl, she has a really small, tight cunt and she really had to spread herself wide to show off the full glory of her juicy slit.

I looked across at our two snappers. The taller one was obviously straining his shorts at the sight of Sharon's twat - or perhaps just at the sight of a blonde girl's shaven minge. But I couldn't have him straining himself so I went over to him, pushed my fingers down his waistband and found myself nuzzling a smallish erection.

His friend was shouting something which I couldn't understand, and clearly gesturing that he wanted some shots of Sharon being rogered. I hadn't thought things would go that far, but Sharon just groaned, spread her legs wide and shouted, "Guide him up me, Debbie!"

I grabbed his small, throbbing cock in my right hand, and as he knelt between Sharon's glistening thighs, I gently split her love petals and guided his dick up into her hot, wet depths. Having seen his size, I thought Sharon would have swallowed him alive, but as his tanned body plunged up and down on her she was screaming out loud. Her firm, full legs were wrapped around his back and her nipples looked fit to burst as he pistoned into her cunt like there was no tomorrow.

Meanwhile, having taken some shots long distance, his friend had his lens close up to the spot where Sharon's minge was spread to let that energetic little dick inside her.

All this time I'd kept an eye on the other bloke's crotch, which was well throbbing by now. As he clicked away I slipped off the last of my clothes, stood close behind him and delved my hands into his shorts. He had dick everywhere! There seemed to be inches and inches of it as I started to fondle it in my hands. I rubbed up and down its tightening length and it

hardened. I spread my slender thighs, stood with my legs apart and let him squelch two fingers into my sopping cunt, while his cock rose magnificently out of his shorts to be the biggest length I'd ever seen.

Looking at my tiny hands around it made it seem even more monstrous! Its pink tipped knob end reached up to his navel! My minge was really spraying juices in its eagerness to get this monster inside me. Sharon was screaming out another come as I leaned forward, put my elbows on the bed and spread myself as wide as I could.

The bloke was obviously inexperienced, because I had to lean back and use my hand to guide this massive meat into my shafting hole. My tits almost burned as it stretched my love lips wide. My cunt creamed as the knob end rammed its way past my minge and deep into my love hole. I rammed my bum towards him as my juices spilled out down my thighs and my tight fanny opened to accommodate him.

Suddenly I felt hands on my tits, stroking, tweaking, pulling my hot teats. I looked up and Sharon was fiddling with me as my Arab lover lanced me time and again with his length. Then, click, click, click, his mate had got the camera, and as I was being shafted he caught the whole lot on film.

There were pictures galore of twelve meaty inches splitting my cunny walls apart. I was filled so deep that I could feel the eye of his knob throbbing against the end of my cunt again and again. Sharon was at my tits with every lunge. Each thrust of his cock gave me hot throbbings around my clit, and Sharon managed to get underneath me, nuzzling her lips on to my pinky bud and slurping at my tender love mounds. The camera must have been going crazy because three of four cunt filling thrusts later, I was wailing like an animal and shoving my arse back and forward to meet that cock.

Sharon sensed just what I wanted, and left me to grab my Arab guy's balls, and then, with a quick series of short stabs into my burning cunt, he spurted strong, hot come deep inside me.

Almost immediately, the two young blokes wanted more. I'd forgotten what energy young guys have! At least both Sharon and I had smiles on our faces in their photos! - *Debbie, Derby*

DOUBLE VISION

Until yesterday I had never seen a copy of Club, but things have certainly changed now. I can hardly believe I'm writing this.

My friend Alison rang me sounding very excited, telling me that she had to come over and show me something. Alison is a very pretty brunette with a tight, well formed body, and blokes are always hitting on her for sex. In fact, Alison frequently complained to me that she was tired of blokes trying to get into her knickers, but I had no idea why - until now.

When she arrived she produced Vol 19 No 4 of Club, and turned to the set of Janette to show me. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Janette looks *exactly* like me. Alison had clearly thought Janette was me, and asked me to tell her how I'd got into doing the pictures and why I hadn't told her about it. I had to hastily assure her that it wasn't me, although I did think the layout was very sexily done.

But Alison still wasn't convinced, and so I told her that I'd take my clothes off for her to inspect me, so that she could see that I wasn't Janette, as our tits are clearly differently shaped and I have shaved pubes where Janette has quite a bush. I stood up and removed my sweatshirt (I never wear a bra) and then unbuttoned my jeans and took them off. I slowly slid off my panties so that I was totally nude.

Alison began to compare me with the pictures of Janette. First she commented on my boobs and nipples, which she said were very similar to her's, and then on my pubic hair, which she claimed I could have shaved since the pictures were taken. There was nothing I could do, except one. So to prove once and for all that Janette wasn't me, I lay on my stomach, reached back with my left hand and opened my cunt lips with my fingers. I told Alison to make a close inspection what she could see of Janette's cunt in the magazine.

Alison did as I suggested and made a close inspection of my cunt lips, but said that it was difficult to tell the difference still, but what would really make her sure was if my clit was swollen from being stimulated. Then she could tell

if it was like Janette's in the pictures. With that, she slipped a finger up my cunt from behind.

I tensed my cunt around her finger, and the next thing I knew she had moved quickly and was lying right on top of me, shrugging out of her clothes as she moved her finger in and out of me. She pressed her mound against mine, her hard nipples rubbing into my boobs and her eyes looking lustfully into mine. As she looked at me, she put the same finger that had been in my cunt into her mouth and sucked it. "You taste delicious," she told me.

She then told me that she'd waited a long time to have a chance like this, and the reason she'd stopped going out with blokes was that she's had a lesbian experience about a year before, and she'd found that she preferred women. She then kissed my lips deeply, and I felt my body responding as her tongue probed my mouth. I couldn't have stopped if I'd wanted to.

Alison's body felt so good on mine, so different from a man's. She moved down my body, kissing my neck, my throat, my shoulders, and finally my aching tits. She sucked my hard nipple into her mouth, nibbling it with her teeth followed by giving it a good sucking. My cunt felt as if it was actually squirting juices as she sucked my tits. Then she went even further down, slowly sliding the tip of her tongue down my stomach, spreading my lips apart with her fingers as she tongues nearer to my pussy.

She stopped, gazing at my wet and waiting cunt, then I felt the tip of it hitting my clitty then plunging deep into my swollen cunt. I screamed and climaxed violently and wonderfully. I'd never had such a strong and intense climax before. As I was coming down from that, Alison grabbed my bum cheeks and pulled up on them while pushing her face deep into my crotch. Her mouth totally enveloped my cunt lips and she licked and sucked me harder than I've ever known.

Alison looked up at me, her lips and face wet with my cunt juice and her own saliva. I pulled her up my body and gave her the most passionate kiss I've ever given anyone, tasting my own juices on her lips. "Tell me how to make you feel the way I did then," I begged her, stroking her firm body with my hands and legs.

I began to lick her neck, gradually working my mouth down to her pretty tits, which I bit and sucked. She groaned and thrust her mound up towards me, so I moved my tongue down to between her spread legs and tasted another woman for the first time.

I couldn't get enough of it. I licked her small, tight cunt like an ice cream, tasting her juicy wetness and flicking her hard clit with the tip of my tongue. Alison bucked her hips, moving her cunt up and down on my face as I licked her clean. Suddenly her body tightened, and she whispered, "Lisa, eat me!" before she climaxed as hard as I'd done. I kept on licking until she finally released her body in total satisfaction.

I've never had better sex in my life. After we'd recovered we showered together, cleaning each other slowly and towelling each other's body off before going into the bedroom and starting all over again. If I could I'd love to thank Janette for being the route through which my lesbian experience was begun - and it'd be great if Janette and I could get together some time too! - *Lisa, Chelmsford*

Holiday Blues

Slav to love

I worked as a rep for one of the larger package holiday companies in Yugoslavia last year, and that's where I had my first lesbian experience. To say it changed my life sounds corny, but I've certainly more liberated sexually since then - and more liberal with my sexual favours!

We were always warned against getting involved with any of the people who were our customers, and usually I found that pretty easy to comply with; at my age, 32, most of the people who were on my packages were a little young for me, and the loud guys in their early twenties just weren't my taste. However, one fortnight I had to change to a slightly older group because one of the other reps was ill, and that's when I first met Marianne.

To say that it was lust at first sight would be a lie, because I never thought about her like that at first. I'd never had any lesbian tendencies, or if I had they'd been very well supressed. The whole of the party that Marianne was with was for older, single people who didn't have anyone really to go on holiday with, mostly widowed or divorced. Marianne stood out right away because she was a little younger than the rest of the group, and kept herself much to herself.

I didn't really speak to her for the first few days, because she didn't come on any of the excursions that I had to organise, but I liked the way she was so self contained. She was very graceful, with long, glossy dark hair in a bob and long legs that got a really good tan after a few days' sunbathing. As far as I could tell, she hadn't noticed me in any other capacity than her tour rep, but that turned out to be very wrong indeed.

About a week into her tour, Marianne turned out to be the only person who signed up for one of the excursions that I had to organise. I don't know why that was, except that the weather was pretty dull that day, but when I came to collect all the takers for a trip out to one of the quaint old mountain villages near our resort, only Marianne was waiting for me.

It turned out that the dull weather had put off a lot of the other guests, but Marianne was a lecturer in archeology and so was extremely keen to see the village as she was studying its period for a paper she was writing. I joked that she could more probably give me a guided tour, but she still seemed keen on being accompanied so I agreed to take just her. Instead of the mini bus that we'd originally been scheduled to take with us, I decided instead to take one of the jeeps that the hotel complex I worked for owned.

We drove up to the village, which was about 30 miles from the hotel, and enjoyed a leisurely tour around before having lunch. The whole morning we'd been getting on really well, finding out that we had a lot in common. I'd not found out anything about Marianne's lovelife though, but I gathered she was single at that time. Because the weather had improved, and it was beautifully sunny by the early afternoon, we decided on impulse to drive down to the coast about ten miles away and do a spot of sunbathing and swimming.

I knew a gorgeous and secluded rocky cove, not generally used by any run-of-the-mill tourists, so we drove there, and that was when the atmosphere suddenly changed. I became aware that Marianne was watching me very intently, and I could feel her eyes on my legs as I drove the jeep, and she was obviously aware of the way my boobs were jiggling about where the road was a little bumpy. Her scrutiny was really getting to me; I wasn't annoyed, I was just beginning to be aroused.

As her eyes travelled up the length of my suntanned thighs in my shorts, I could feel the hairs on the back of my neck begin to prickle and strangely, my cunt felt hot and moist as she stared more openly now, looking at the way my soft, blonde hairs tickled the back of

my neck and my little nipples stuck out of my thin T-shirt. I gripped the steering wheel harder as I became more and more aware of Marianne's body right next to mine, her long thigh almost resting against my own, and her bust rising and falling. She was turned on, I could tell - and so was I.

Having parked at the cove, we decided on having a swim, though neither of us had brought a swimming costume. "Never mind," Marianne smiled at me, looking right into my eyes, "I'm sure we both know what a woman's body looks like." As she said that, a frisson of pure excitement ran right down my spine, and I felt a wet patch pooling in my panties. In the shade of one of the rock ledges by the shore, we stripped off down to our underwear, both gazing at each other's body as we did. I felt as if a spell had been put on me, and I didn't want to break it.

Marianne looked at my body for a long time, running her eyes hungrily over my small, high tits right down to my neatly trimmed pubic bush that was peeping out from under my knickers. My legs had turned to jelly and I thought I was going to wet myself with excitement.

"Why don't we just take all our clothes off and go skinny dipping?" she suggested boldly, pulling off her panties and unhooking her bra. She threw them down on to the sand in front of me, like a gauntlet. In a dream I did the same, my soaking knickers falling heavily on to the sand as my bra floated on top of them. I couldn't ever remember being this aroused, and Marianne was just arousing me more as she never took her eyes from my body as I stripped in front of her.

She moved towards me when I was naked, and I thought she was going to kiss me. More than anything I wanted her to push me down on to the warm sand and lick out my cunt until I came, but instead she went right past me and headed for one of the clear rocky pools which bordered the shoreline.

I followed, to find her slowly lowering herself into the cool water until she was covered up to the neck. Her nipples looked like acorns as the cool water hit them, and the desire to suck them hard and finger her warm, wet cunt hit me right in the stomach. The next minute I was in the water with her, pressing the full length of my body against hers, grinding my pubic mound against hers, wrapping my legs around her hips as I clung to her.

When I felt her tongue push into my mouth I went wild. She licked along my lips first and then pushed it right in, reaching all the corners of my mouth, her lips totally covering mine. I moved my hands down from her shoulders to her waist, then further on down until I'd cupped her pussy with one hand, stroking her buttocks with the other.

"Stroke my cunt," she breathed as she wriggled on my hand, making little whimpering noises in the back of her throat. "I want to feel your hands on my cunt." I was there already, moulding the folds of flesh in my palm and stroking her love lips apart with my fingers. She was so moist and sticky down there that one finger slipped in right away, right down to my knuckle. I immediately started moving it back and forward, using it like a cock, fucking her with my finger as I stroked her bum with circular motions all

the time. She was so aroused she was biting my neck now, getting feversihly excited. "Do my clitty,' she breathed.

Still shafting her with my finger, I moved my thumb so that I was rubbing gently on her sensitive clitty, round and round in time with the circles that her hips were making involuntarily. Her clit felt hard and throbbing, and I really pressed into it as we started tongue kissing again as well.

"You're making me come," she breathed. "Feel my juices."

"Let's get out on to the sand," I replied. "I want to taste your pussy, and I don't want to drown doing it!" She smiled at me lazily as we got out of the pool, and then just flopped on to the sand. Marianne opened her legs, revealing her lush pink cunt to me.

"Open yourself right up," I told her. "Show me your cunt. It looks lovely, so wet and juicy. Show me all the sensitive little places." Marianne put one hand down between her legs and spread herself wide apart with her fingers, so that I could examine her pussy. She held her lips right open and rubbed along the soft inside edge of her hole, producing yet more juices right before my eyes. She then pulled her clitty out of its hood and rubbed it, lying right back on the sand to enjoy the feelings that were obviously running right through her whole body.

I joined my finger with hers, rubbing along the edge of her other love petal, until we were rubbing each other rhythmically, with Marianne thrusting her hips up and down in time to the rubs. I'd never known that a woman could produce as much juice as she did; it was leaking out of her cunt constantly, and coating the inside of her thighs before trickling on to the hot sand underneath her.

"Lick me," she begged, spreading her legs even wider. "Lick my cunt out and make me come." She was trembling, and I knew her climax wasn't far off, so I placed my mouth over her cunt and thrust my tongue right inside her.

A spray of her tangy juices filled my mouth and sent me into frenzied cunt licking, my tongue working in and out of her so fast that I almost slipped out of her cunt a couple of times. Her juices were covering my face and I gulped them down as she ground her cunt right on to my face. It was

getting difficult to breathe, but to my relief Marianne came right then, yelling out how good it felt to have my tongue inside her and my mouth sending her into climax after climax.

When she finally calmed down, we both lay panting on the sand, our bodies resting. But my mind was working overtime. I didn't know how all this had happened so suddenly, or why I'd done it, but I knew that what I wanted now was for Marianne to give me the kind of orgasms she'd just enjoyed.

The thought was clearly in her mind too, because she rolled over on to her stomach and looked me right in the eye. "That was fabulous," she grinned. "I bet you never knew you had it in you to be such a fabulous cunt licker, did you? But now it's your turn to be on the receiving end." With that, she rolled me on to my front and propped up my knees so that I was kneeling on all fours, my elbows resting on the sand and my bum stuck high in the air. My cunt hole was gaping wide, and as juicy as hell.

"Get your tongue inside me," I told her, thrusting my cunt right into her face. "I want to come - I need it really badly." The first touch of her tongue on my pussy lips sent such a spiral of pleasure through my body that I could barely breathe, and I rested my head on my forearms, overwhelmed by the incredible feelings in my pussy.

Marianne licked right along my slit with slow, languorous movements, pausing occasionally to work on my clitty, which was throbbing unbearably. When she touched it with the very tip, I came softly, just a little climax hinting at a major one to come. I couldn't believe how turned on I was, how I was just so horny that I wanted to fuck for days - and with a woman, too. Her tongue was so smooth and featherlight that I could barely feel it, but at the same time I could feel every millimetre of my sensitive skin that she touched with it.

I rubbed my cunt over her face in time with her tongue's movements, feeling a big build up of pressure deep inside me. I knew I was going to explode into a huge climax at any moment, and Marianne sensed it too, because she worked her tongue faster and faster in my cunt, pushing a finger in along side it too, so that she was really penetrating me. I wished she had a dildo, so that I could be really filled up, but this was more than good enough.

A great wave of lust washed over me as I yelled, "I'm coming, Marianne" (something I've never said to anyone in the throes of a climax before!) and I flooded her face with my juices, grinding my cunt right into her face as I squeezed the last drops of orgasm out of my body. I felt drained but fantastic, my whole body sated, but tingling and wanting more at the same time.

Marianne and I fucked for the rest of that afternoon, and totally lost track of the time that had passed. When we arrived back at the hotel, flushed and still horny, we went straight to bed, hoping that no-one would hear our cries of lust as we writhed around on my bed.

That event turned out to be just a one-off, as Marianne left for home a couple of days later, but thanks to her I've discovered that I enjoy sex with women as well as with men, and it's really changed my love life, believe me! - *Cassie, Burton-on-Trent*

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I wonder if any of your readers is such a thorough-going exhibitionist as I am. I only know of one other, and she is in this story too!

Until this happened, no-one at work knew about my habit of not wearing any knickers so that guys can get a glimpse of my juicy cunt if they happen to be looking, as when I'm at the office I wear quite prim and proper outfits. I work next to a girl called Kugan, who comes from a very strict Indian family, and I knew she'd be outraged if she knew that I was such a show-off.

One day I decided to tell Kugan about my exhibitionist tendencies. I told her that I loved wearing no panties and showing off my pussy to guys. As I'd thought, she was totally shocked, but at the same time I could tell she was intrigued. "Let me see," she said. I lifted my skirt to prove that I was pantieless that day, and I heard her gasped intake of breath as she looked at the first cunt she'd ever seen, apart from her own. She studied it for quite a few minutes, and then surprised me by saying, "I bet loads of the blokes in here would love to look at that too." That gave me an idea - I bet Kugan that she wouldn't dare flash her fanny at the blokes who worked in our office. Again she surprised me by immediately saying that she would try, but only if I wore no knickers to the office for three whole months. I agreed straight away, and that very second Kugan removed her rather unsexy knickers and put them into her pocket. We were on equal terms now.

We agreed that Kugan should decide just when I was going to have to flash my minge, and our password was "Inspection Time". As soon as she said that, wherever I was I was to lift my skirt and reveal my fanny to all the blokes in the office.

We have a little kitchen next to my desk where we make tea and coffee. The day the bet was carried out I was making a cup of coffee, and a couple of the lads, Kevin and Steve, who work in my office were there too. Kugan came in to make herself a cup. Seeing me there, a mischievous look came into her eye, and she suddenly said, "Inspection time" with a big grin. She thought she had really caught me out, but I decided to call her bluff. Instead of retreating to the ladies I just lifted my skirt there and then.

Steve dropped his coffee cup, and both he and Kevin stared at my cunt with the same lovely awestruck look that Nick had had. I began to feel my pussy tingling with the thrill again. That was it for the time being, as just then one of the older secretaries came in and I had to rapidly readjust my clothing. Steve and Kevin were looking shocked and horny, but there was no chance for any more horseplay that day. I was still determined that Kugan should keep her half of the bargain, however - and I was still fully intending to retain my knickerless state around the office.

The next day when I went into work, the effect was just what I wanted. As soon as I took my coat off, you could have heard a pin drop. Everybody noticed the hike in my hemline, and everybody knew I wasn't wearing anything underneath. They all knew the game I was playing. All eyes (including Kugan's) were riveted on me. I wasn't going to disappoint them.

The other thing I had been doing was practising how to sit. That day, when I first tried it out it was stunning. As I climbed up on to my stool and arranged myself all the men in the room gasped at once. I work in a drawing office with eight of them, and there were 16 bulging eyes ogling my pussy. Nonchalantly, I got on with my work as usual, but really I was incredibly excited.

Each time I moved those 16 eyes followed me and my cunt got wetter and wetter. When I had to get a drawing from the plan chest, I got my next chance to give a really good show. The plans were in the lowest drawer of the chest, right down at ground level. Placing my feet a good distance apart, I simply bent from the waist, right down, to open the drawer. I felt my tiny skirt riding right up over my bum, and I could just imagine the view all the lads were getting.

I looked at them between my legs, and sure enough they were all sitting there gazing at my pussy. Kevin, whose desk is only a few feet from the plans chest, had an especially awestruck look, and from the look of concentration on his face I could see he was examining every little wrinkle of my quim. I pretended to fiddle about with the plans in the drawer for a while, to give them all a good chance to see all they wanted, then gave them all a big smile and a wink from between my legs, got up and went back to my stool.

I developed other little ploys to show off my wares. I took to sitting cross-legged on top of the desks when I was talking to one of the lads. This proved to be an instant conversation stopper, but gave me the thrill of instant cunt worship from my victim.

Then the three months were up. Everyone in the office knew that it was the great day, and there was an air of expectancy. I had decided to wear something special. I had a beautiful old crochet sweater which I had always thought would have made a great mini dress had it been slightly longer. Today I was going to wear it as a dress, along with a big old leather belt to bunch it in at the waist. It wasn't long enough to completely cover my bush, so below it a two inch triangle of dark curls were clearly visible. Because it was a very open crochet the rest of my thatch was pretty clearly visible as well, along with my navel and nipples. At the back it didn't really cover my bum at all.

The lads were certainly appreciative when I showed it off at work. They gave me a big round of applause as I took off my coat and perched myself on my stool. They too had planned something special. At lunchtime Kugan came into the office to admit defeat. Then Kevin stepped forward and handed me a parcel.

"We all thought we should do something for the best sport in the office," he said, "so we got together and bought you this."

Inside the parcel was a lovely silver neck band. I tried it on, but then had another thought, put it around my thigh, about an inch below my crotch. It fitted, setting off the dark hair of my pussy perfectly.

They all agreed it was perfect (even Kugan!). Then Kevin said, looking slightly sad, "I suppose it's knickers back on tomorrow?"

"Well," I said, "have you all enjoyed it?" Of course they had. "So have I." I turned to Kugan. "As for you, it's inspection time!" I don't know how I expected her to act. She had had a long time to get used to losing the bet, but I was still half expecting her to welsh on it.

She was still wearing the type of clothes she always wore, a long, frumpy, tweed dress with buttons all the way down the front. Slowly she walked to one end of the room. I noticed one thing as she walked: Kugan had big tits. Usually they point rigidly skywards, held there by Playtex's stoutest contraptions. Now they still stood out firmly, but they moved gently as she walked.

She stood against a desk with myself and all the lads facing her. Slowly and without saying a word, she began to unbutton the dress from the neck down. She unbuttoned it to just below bust level. Sure enough, a vee of perfect, smooth, coffee-coloured skin was exposed, with the clear outline of the inside curve of her breasts and no trace of a bra. She looked up, and looked around all the faces concentrated on her.

I think she must have felt the same thrill as I do, because she gave a big smile, looked back down and carried on undoing buttons until she got to her navel. Then she drew her hands back up, pulling the front of the dress open so that both her tits popped out, fully exposed. They were incredible, large but perfectly shaped, without a trace of droopiness. Her nipples, black coffee against the cream coffee of her skin, were shiny and bulging, so I knew she was enjoying it. She looked up at us again, and then gave another smile and began to play with her nipples,

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running a finger round and rubbing them till they stood up even more proudly.

Kugan resumed her unbuttoning, pausing briefly to savour the reaction when the second button revealed a few wisps of black hair. Encouraged by that reaction she undid the rest of the buttons and pulled the dress open. She hadn't welshed. Under the shapeless dress was one of the most perfect bodies I have ever seen.

Apart from those tits, the rest of her was pretty fantastic. She was very fit, with really good muscle tone everywhere. She had slim, lovely legs, a small waist and perfect smooth milky coffee skin all over, not a blemish. Finally revealed was a thick triangle of the blackest hair you ever saw.

Again she gave that smile, then slipped the dress right off, leaving her totally nude. She did a little twirl, displaying her pert bum in the process. Then she smiled again and curtsied. I don't know if she thought she'd finished, but the lads didn't. They all cheered and shouted, "More!"

She gave them a really wicked smile, then sat up on the desk and leaned back against the wall, but still with her legs tightly together. Then she drew her legs up against her chest, looked up again, and very slowly moved her knees apart. This was really a big tease, because her feet were still together, and just in front of her pussy, so you couldn't see much. She slowly looked at everyone in the room, drawing out the moment for all it was worth, then she moved her feet apart, finally giving a full view of her quim.

It was as good as the rest of her. She had obviously been watching me, because she too had trimmed the luxurious fur round her pussy to give a better view. What it revealed was a generous rounded mound, two full, plump lips, with a rosebud that extended well over an inch from the outer lips. She moved her hands around outside her legs, running them round the side of her bum until they met at her pussy, the fingertips of each hand resting on a full dark cunt lip. Slowly she ran the fingers up and down, massaging the lips so that they became even more puffed up and pouting. With the tips of her fingers she pulled the lips outwards and apart so you could clearly see the valley where the fleshy fullness of her outer lips met the dark folds of the inner labia. Now between these you could see the shine of cunt juice.

I glanced around at the lads. They were open mouthed to a man, drinking in the incredible view before them. I was pretty excited as well. I had began fingering my own pussy, keeping time with her movements.

Kugan had just looked up to her audience too, was well pleased with the reaction and was now returning her attention to her pussy. Very gently she ran one finger down her crack where her two inner labia met; the tip of her finger shone with her juices. Then the finger slipped between the petals, parting them slightly. Using her two ring fingers she carefully pulled the petals apart, peeling open her beautiful rosebud. She had saved her index fingers for her clitty. Using them she pushed its hood back so that her button popped out. Finally she pulled her legs even further apart to open the whole lot as wide as it would go. Now the whole of her cunt was revealed, wide open and in full view.

We all drank in the sight, looking down into that gorgeous hole at the pink walls of her vagina, the ribs of her cunt muscles inside pulsing and throbbing with excitement. There was dead silence. Most of the lads had their hands in their pockets, playing furious games of pocket billiards while they gazed deep into Kugan's body. She gave me a smile of triumph and said, "Who's the best sport in the office now then?"

Now the lads were looking at me wondering what was to come. One by one I went up to each of them. I stood right in front of them with my legs apart. Then I reached out and pulled their heads towards me, pushing their faces into my bush, moving around so that they could feel my firm, springy cunt hair on their faces. After I had done the rounds they had all had a good chance to smell what I was made of.

They had all breathed in deeply and now had their hands back in their pockets, playing with their balls and wondering what came next. I climbed up next to Kugan and opened my legs, pulling my knees back behind my ears so as to open my cunt out wide. I slipped my right hand down over my thatch and with my thumb and ring finger pulled my labia open to give them a good view of my throbbing vagina. I used my index finger to uncover my clitty and then began to give it a good frigging, groaning with ecstasy as I did. I brought my left hand down under my bum and slipped first one, then two and finally three fingers right up my hole. I proceeded to give myself a really furious wank, my first in public (but not my last!), at the top of each stroke bringing my hand out and clear so that my audience could see right down into my vagina, left gaping open by my thrusting fingers. Finally I had a great long orgasm, sending out a great squirt of juices on to the desk top. They were all looking deep into me, watching the muscles of my vagina convulsing with the orgasm.

When I had recovered I said to the guys, "Who's got the fairest pussy of them all, then?" They were all too much the gentleman (or too much the wimp, more like) to actually say, so I tore up eight little pieces of paper and handed them out, telling them to write their vote on it. When I got the papers back there were four for me and four for Kugan, a dead heat.

"What you need is a play-off," said Steve, hoping for another pussy show.

"No, what you need is a fuck-off," said Kevin, laughing at his own plan. To my utter astonishment Kugan retorted, "All right, let's have one." After that there was nothing I could do but agree.

By the day of the great Fuck-Off everybody was pretty excited. The Fuck-Off was to be held in the office after work. We had set up a desk for fucking on, with a foam mattress on top. Around one end we arranged the chairs. The height of the desk meant that the action would be right at eye level. The rules Kugan and I had decided were these.

Firstly all the lads were going to have to get their clothes off. After all the pussy shows we deserved a dong show! Besides that, we needed to get a good look at their cocks so that each of us could choose our champion. These two, along with another chosen by pulling straws, were going to be the judges. Each of them would fuck both of us, and at the end would score out of ten, using little cards Kugan had made, like in ice skating contests.

To allow the judges time to recover between fucks we had to be careful with the order of proceedings. We agreed that each of us would be fucked by her own champion last, and we arranged the others to suit. Around the fucking desk we had arranged all the anglepoise lamps from the office, so that it would all be properly lit.

When we announced to the lads that they all had to get their togs off, they all went coy. Kugan and I had to start undoing things for them before they started undressing. While they were doing it Kugan and I took our clothes off. Since we were both only wearing a dress it didn't take long. I had decided to wear my silver band round my thigh, which looked really good, and Kugan had placed a big sparkling costume

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jewel in her navel, which also looked great.

Finally all the lads had got their clothes off, and they lined up, looking really nervous. Not a stiff cock in sight. This was hopeless for the choosing of champions, so I went down one end of the line and gave the guy there a blow-job to get his prick stiff. Kugan took her cue and started working at the other end. Finally we had eight cocks standing stiff and to attention, and we stood back to see what we had got.

Pricks vary just as much as cunts, and we had a real selection here; short stubby ones, banana-shaped efforts, long, thin, cigar shaped ones. Two cocks really stood out. One - surprise, surprise -was attached to William, the office wimp. His cock was fully ten inches long and as thick as my wrist (I know all Club correspondents have foot long knobs, but this was by far the biggest in my experience!). The other was Guy. His prick wasn't as big, but it was a really good shape, which I think is more important. It was ramrod straight with a beautiful big shiny red helmet. Just looking at it I could imagine that helmet pushing its way into me. I had always fancied Guy anyway, so I knew who my champion was going to be.

As for Kugan, she was fascinated by William's whopping willy. Since she was still a virgin, I didn't think it would be a very wise choice, but she couldn't keep her eyes off it. Sure enough, William was her champion.

The other judge turned out to be Kevin, which, since it was his idea, seemed appropriate. We drew lots for the order and it turned out that Kugan had to start with Kevin. She didn't show a sign of nerves, even though it was her first fuck, and in public too.

They both climbed on to the desk and gave a little bow, then Kugan lay down on her back and pulled her legs right up and back, showing us that wonderful salmon pink vulva again. Kevin didn't start fucking immediately; instead he started on her pussy with his fingers, rubbing up her clitty and exploring her vagina until it was dripping wet. Then he knelt down, keeping his legs apart so that we could still see between them, and drove his prick right into Kugan's flesh. She gasped with pleasure and then groaned louder and louder as he moved his shaft in and out, going gradually faster and faster. Finally he grunted as he came and a little later she screamed as she had her first orgasm caused by a man's prick. After a few minutes he climbed off, and she was left lying, legs open on the desk, lit by all the lamps. In their light you could clearly see in her open vagina Kevin's milky white spunk shining against the bright pink flesh of her cunt. Then Kugan climbed down and it was my turn to take on William's mighty organ.

In deference to its huge size I decided to take him doggy-fashion. I got up on to the desk on all fours, with my legs spread and then I put my head right down on the desk and put my bum right up, facing the audience. I reached back with my hands and opened up my cunt ready for William's preliminaries.

William, however, didn't want to bother with preliminaries. He climbed straight up and without further ado jammed his monstrous instrument straight into my quim. It was lucky I was pretty wet and slippery after watching Kev and Kugan's exhibition, otherwise I would have been in real trouble. As it was, my cunt was suddenly fuller than it had ever been of thick, hot, hard cock.

He thrust it right the way up in one fast stroke, until I felt it bang against the top of my womb. A feeling of intense pleasure mixed with some pain at his size ran right up my vagina. Then he pulled it out again, only to send it right back with another fast thrust. When William banged he certainly banged. After about six more strokes he came, and his spunk squirting up my aching hole made me come too. Frankly, I was quite glad it hadn't lasted longer, I wasn't sure I could take it for that long. Just as quickly as he got up he got off the desk again, and I was left showing off my gaping vagina and its load of sticky white come to my audience.

Then it was Kugan and Guy. Again Kugan lay down in the missionary position and pulled her cunt open. Instead of climbing on to the desk Guy bent down and kissed her clitty, then he worked right round her love hole with his tongue, tasting her juices and working her up till her lips looked like they would burst. He climbed up and took hold of her legs behind the knees, bending her up double with her legs wide apart so that her cunt was stretched open ready to take his beautiful cock.

I was beside myself with envy as I saw that wonderful red helmet push open the pink lips of Kugan's cunt and disappear down into her body; still, it would be my turn soon. Guy turned out to be extremely good at fucking. He kept Kugan going for minutes on end, quickening and slowing his thrusts to the rhythm of her multiple orgasms. Finally he came with a sigh, and when he climbed off Kugan treated us to another view of her salmon pink tunnel, now filled with two loads of spunk.

Next it was my turn with Kevin, whose prick was again nice and firm after his turn with Kugan. I decided to give the audience the best possible view by sitting on Kev's cock. I lay him down on the desk with his feet facing the audience, but hanging over the edge of the desk so that we would be a little closer. Then I got down on him and gave him a really good blow-job to get his prick really rock hard. Facing the audience I lowered myself on to the cock, leaning right back so that they could see every detail as it probed its way deep into my vagina. As his cock penetrated deeper and deeper into me Kevin brought his hands round and started on my nipples, rubbing them and pinching them until they were bursting with pleasure. I carried on moving up and down on his cock going faster and faster until we both came together and I felt a second load of spunk shooting into my womb.

Next Kugan had to take on William (it served her right!). Having seen the great view Kev and I had given, she decided to sit on him too - hardly wise with a cock of that size. She arranged him on the desk, and, like me, started giving him a blow-job to stiffen his resolve. I couldn't believe it as that monstrous cock disappeared into her little mouth, her dark lips closing round it with a slurp. When his cock was standing up like a pink cucumber, she climbed up and lowered herself gently, dropping down fast with a bump and a gasp.

The pink cucumber went right up into her and she just sat there, savouring the feeling of being completely full of cock. After a while she lifted herself again, until only the helmet was inside her, then dropped right down with another gasp. She repeated this again and again, going faster and faster and further and further until the cock came right out of her at the top of each stroke, leaving her vagina gaping wide and gasping for air, only to be filled again as she dropped back on to the pink shaft. Each time the prick thrust deep into her, making a bulge in her flat stomach as it hit the top of her womb. Finally she had the most enormous climax as she was on the way up. William spunked as she was right at the top, and we all saw the white cream leave his prick and shoot straight up into her gaping hole, only to be pumped right in as she came down again. As William got off Kugan flopped back, exhausted, her legs splayed wide. There in her open vagina was a big puddle of three loads of come.

Finally, it was my turn with Guy. Guy didn't wait to get on the desk. He came over and kissed me full on the mouth, his tongue probing deep into it. As he kissed me his hand ran down my front to my cunt, settling right between my legs. He kissed me harder and his fingers started working on my pussy until it was again dripping with my own juice. Then he slipped two fingers into my vagina and lifted me off my feet, still kissing me, and carried me over to the desk.

There he lay me down, put my legs over his shoulders, and replaced the fingers with his lovely cock. It felt every bit as good inside me as I had imagined. As his noble helmet pushed its way down my vagina, my muscles closed behind it, gripping it tightly. As it pulled out it sent ripples of pleasure coursing right round my cunt. His control was marvellous, and he made me come at least six times before he shot his load deep into my hungry vagina. After that we just lay there together until the others decided it was time for the judging.

Well, wonderful Guy scored 10-9 to me, Kevin scored 9 each and William scored 10-8 to Kugan, so she had finally beaten me. Still, I reckon Kevin would have scored me full marks if William hadn't opened me out first, so I think it's evens.

They even presented Kugan with a silver cup, engraved "Fucking Champion", but I don't know who had the nerve to go and buy it! - *Eileen, Birmingham* ♣

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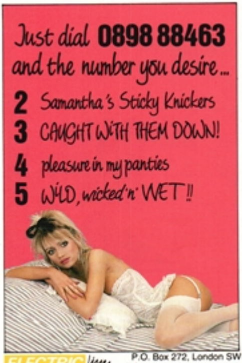

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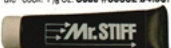

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By Roger Mace

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debra

Photographs by Scott Evans

Debra is currently a lady of leisure - she's got a secret sugar daddy to keep her in the style to which she's been delighted to become accustomed!

"I've always been attracted to older men," the 23-year-old from Paignton confessed. "I just love them, because they have no hang-ups about sex and are always willing to try anything once! And they're really into pleasing a woman, making her feel special,

both out of bed and in it. My current lover is 46, and he'll do anything for me. I also love men with grey hair, though don't ask me why! My lover is completely grey, and it looks so distinguished, which turns me on beyond belief. These days, apart from my modelling, I spend my time lazing around his mansion waiting for him to come home and get on with pleasing me!" ♣

COMING IN club

HELLO SAILOR!

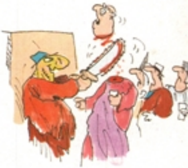
Why do we put a camp headline like 'Hello Sailor' on top of a pic of a beautiful, feminine girl like Vanessa? Because, here at the good ship Club, the crew of lecherous dipsomaniacs were so busy drooling over her that they couldn't think of anything else! However, at least we can guarantee there'll be buckets more crap headlines and fantabulous girls next month.♣

Volume 19 Number 7 - on sale June 21

TITS AHOY!

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 42



Hi... I've come as Freddie

he watched his semi-nude wife and his hockey partner go at it.

With Ed squeezing my nipples with one hand and pulling my arse closer with the other so that my throbbing cunt was rubbing his leg, I managed to undo his jeans and let them drop to the floor. I pulled his underwear down to reveal a cock that was burning with desire. I gently pushed him back into a chair and began to move my inexperienced mouth down his stomach.

This was the first time I'd taken a guy's cock into my mouth, and I was very unsure of what to do. I felt his hand guide my mouth on to his wet and throbbing cock. The salty taste of his semen was a pleasant surprise, and he writhed with pleasure while my mouth moved up and down on his shaft. I was becoming increasingly horny, and I knew that the crotch of my tights would be soaking when Ed went to caress my cunt with his foot.

Just then I felt Al pulling my tights down and fondling my moist and anxious clit. He wasted no time in mounting me from the rear and, sliding his cock inside me, he began to pump inside my cunt while I was still sucking Ed. This sent me into a frenzy; I just couldn't hold back and I came like a geyser! But Al and Ed weren't finished yet, and they immediately swapped places - Al was going to get his first blow-job from me.

I began to lick up and down Al's cock. I could see Ed shoving his cock into one foot of my tights, wanking with it before pushing his it into my dripping cunt. I came over and over again. I took Al's full load into my mouth.

Ed was nearing his climax now. As his strokes became faster, he pulled me closer to drive his cock home, then at the last second he pulled his cock out and shot his wads all over my arse. He gently massaged his sperm into my cheeks before we all passed out!

I just hope you print this, as I know Al would love to see our story in Club. - *Louise, Canada* ♣

TAKE OFF!

If any of you read the little bits of type around the girls, you'll know they're not just steaming sexbombs with the brain of an onion bhajee - they're very talented, mature human beings. (Yes, they are.) For instance, this lady here is extremely good at taking things off. Not only does she hoy her kecks in all directions for our cameraman, she also does impressions. We asked her to give us her favourite impersonation, and here it is - the immortal Frankie Howerd.

"Oooh, aaah, no, eh, missus? No, yes, listen, be fair, no, eh? No, don't mock, missus. I was flabbergasted - yeeess! Never has my flabber been so gasted! Oooh ahh, no, titter ye not, NO! Lissen to Fran-cees..."

Thank you, dear. And next month we will not be having nude pictures of Frankie Howerd.

Can you do impressions? If so send us your best one on a postcard to Take Off!, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, and if you're lucky you could win... a barrage of abuse. ♣

A POSITION OF MY OWN

*If you're cruising for a coozing, there's only one way to do it according to boob merchant **George Breast** - tits are tops!*

At last they've got around to asking a real man his favourite position. It's all very well for restaurant reviewers, football fanzine writers and the other weirdos who work for Club to write about the bonking basics, but what do they know?

Nathaniel Fatbastard hasn't even seen his sexual utensils for 20 years, let alone toyed with them, and Frankie Gutt hasn't got his in the back of the net since Bolton Wanderers won the Cup Final. As for Dominant Dowse - well, she's got a fine brace of funbundles on her, I grant you, but unless your idea of a sexual position is on your knees, pleading for mercy, forget it. No you need an expert - and here I am.

Let's face it, sex is all about boobs, isn't it? What's the first part of a girl's body that bounces into view? Her tits. What does she wear proudly on her chest like a pair of medals for sexual gallantry? Her knockers. What attracts your clammy mitts like magnets? Her gorgeous gargantuan garbonzas. So let's give this divine double act a big hand. And a good feel as well.

Sex would be impossible without whammers. They are not only the best pair of playthings since plasticine and bogeys, but great indicators as to whether the girl is your type of woman. If she's got big blubbery boobs like a pair of soggy pillows, slumbering inside a sloppy sweatshirt, she's the earthmother type who loves a good cuddle. Taut, tight little titties with nipples as sharp as an HB pencil point, and she's the prissy kind on the outside, but deep down she's gasping for a deep crotchful and will give you a severe seeing-to into the bargain. But a word of warning here, boob brothers. Big, small or British Standard Handful, if they're incarcerated in one of those combination-locked bras, she's not worth the expense of an oxy-acetylene torch to get the thing undone.

Having found the dynamic duo that gets your batpole greased, what do you do next? Move in. It's time to get to grips with your chosen charlies and obtain some hands-on experience. Here are a few pointers from an expert.

Use one of your winning one-liners to grab her attention. I find, "Hey, melon tits, how do you fancy someone juggling your assets?" quite effective, because then when she swings round you can admire those funbags from the front. If they joggle like jellies in her jumper, she's probably quivering for her quota.

Your next move is easy. Get her a drink, saunter over and admire her set of tumblers in close-up. If her nipples are poking through her pullover like a pair of red-hot pokers, then forget buying her a drink, just get her a cab - to your place. If, on the other hand, she says, "Sod off, you sexist pig!" let's face it, she's a lesbo!

Assuming you don't handle this manoeuvre like an arthritic acrobat, then you'll soon be in the first sexual position with your pair of pert protuberences - the back of a taxi. What happens next depends on what she's wearing. If it's a simple blouse or T-shirt, it's just a case of lifting the curtain on the two star performers out front, then putting your hands together for a warm welcome. If she's in a full-length outfit, then this will be a dress rehearsal for later. You'll have zips to contend with, often at the back, so it's a fumble through the cloth. However if it's silk or satin you might take a shine to it. If it's pervy PVC you might mess your trousers.

All too soon, you'll be back home before you can say, "Flubblee-wubblee-fubble," which is the sort of erudite remark one makes with two handfuls of plump pink flesh. So you won't get much time to tongue those nice little nips before you're putting them away and getting out your tip. Every cabby wants his ten per cent, even when he's had to drive round the south circular with his eyes glued on your hands' randy ramblings in the rear view mirror. Give him a good show, though, and he may let you off the fare.

Once you're home, you have time to make the most of your mammaries. Slip them out of their enclosure and massage them gently. Cup them in your hands like a greengrocer showing you his grapefruits. Then take her nips between your lips, rolling them like an untipped ciggy, teasing them with your tongue. Take each in turn - left then right then left - like a sea lion playing Yankee Doodle Dandy on car horns.

Enjoy the cool skin on your tongue, especially that really smooth bit under her boobs and the voluptuous valley between them. It's an incredible journey over hill and down dale that you'll never forget, and talking about it isn't as boring as conversation with a rambler either. And it's a fuck sight better bit of hill country than the wet one that Wainwright bastard writes about.

By then, your lovely with the matching chest luggage will be ready for shagging. Yes, the real thing! So get your knob out, if it hasn't already forced its way through your cheap Japanese plastic flies, and prepare to give it to her good and strong. She's aching for it, and so are you, so get to it!

Hold on a minute. No, don't take her knickers off. There's no need to go potholing down damp passages like that. She might enjoy it, but there are far better places to let your percy promenade. Head for the hills, young man! Ignore that soggy slit and slide your pointing part in the cool crevasse between those big rock candy mountains.

Position Percy properly. He should fit snugly into that gorgeous groove, but you might like to squeeze her milk mounds together to hug your humper still further. Then slide in and out of those wobbly whammies, holding their sides as they quiver like blancmange Himalayas. You can do this with her in almost any position you like: sitting up, lying down, hanging upside down from the light fitting or wearing your Tommy Cooper outfit. Just remember to let her know when you coming. Otherwise, she'll get a wetter chin than Roy Hattersley during an anti poll tax speech.

Then, if you must, you can shag the conventional way, making sure your head is buried in her breasts. But bonking her boobs is the best by far. Don't leave home without it. ♣

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